# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ......... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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## Pro-Slavery.

From the Southern (Mississippi) Journal, Aug. 6.

### *THE BARBECUE AT THE PLANTATION OF THE HON. S. A. DOUGLAS.*

MR. EDITOR: I had the pleasure of attending the barbecue given by Mr. James Strickland, the agent and overseer of the Hon. S. A. Douglas, of Illinois, at the plantation of this gentleman on Pearl river, in this county, on the 30th ultimo. The barbecue was intended really for the slaves on the place, in accordance with a yearly custom which Mr. Strickland has adopted, but there was a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen present from the immediate neighbourhood.

The arrangements were all in most excellent taste, and the tables groaned beneath a profusion of all the good things of this life. The barbecued meats were dressed in the finest and most relishable style, and the adjoining river and lakes had been forced to add their supply of dainties to the feast. I noticed, too, that there was a real superabundance of delightful cake of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and ingredients; but being almost greedily engaged in the demolition of the more substantial portions of the dinner, I feel incompetent to pass a distinct judgment upon the same. My friend, Jack ——, expressed, I think, the sentiment of the crowd, when, with two tender ribs of mutton in his mouth and a delicate piece of well-browned fish on his fork, he hoarsely whispered—"It is a good and a pleasant thing to be here."

The negroes followed the invited guests at the tables, and sat down to the same dainties and delicacies which had just afforded so much satisfaction to our palates. They numbered some one hundred and forty in all. It was a goodly sight to see their dark countenances lighted up with pleasure at the sight of the eatables before them; the entire *abandon* with which they pitched into the good things; the extreme delicacy of the female portion of the crowd, ordering the delighted waiters with fastidious taste and careless toss of the head to "fetch the nicest pieces of the sheep-meat they could find," or "to cut a big slice of de cake wid de icing on it," "or to stand furder back, and not crowd on de lady when she war drinking her coffee."

The most amusing part of the scene was a table full of little snow-balls—some forty in number, and all about one size and age. They were the blackest of black "little niggers." Their heads rolled from side to side as they crammed in the food, and more particularly the cake, in a pure repletion of animal enjoyment. They did enjoy it. Tears were in their large rolling eyes, but they were tears produced by a satiety of cake. They wept because they could

—*Eat* no more!"

There was not one of the slaves, little or big, but who was dressed cleanly, and some of them almost elegantly—for there is (strange as it may seem to the ears of some) fully as much taste for dress among negroes as among the whites. The little ones were rigged off in their white cotton shirts, the old familiar plantation dress for the children of the South—white as well as black. Here was *comfort*, *health*, and *happiness* displayed.

My object, Mr. Editor, in thus detailing the scene which I witnessed on this plantation, is to call the attention of your readers (and it may be *some* who are not) to the fact that here in our own county of Lawrence, in the State of Mississippi, is a large plantation of negroes owned by a northern United States Senator, and that these negroes are better fed, better clothed, and their bodily comforts better provided for, than many of even the white labouring classes of the North—passing by for the present the condition of its free negro population. The negroes of Senator Douglas have divine service regularly performed, and for their special benefit. Their spiritual, as well as their bodily, wants are attended to. Now, the thought struck me that it would have been a most instructive lesson to certain free soil constituents of Senator Douglas to have been present on this occasion. I would like to have seen the exponent and imbodiment of "All Young America" make his appearance just as his slaves seated themselves at the tables in order that he might have taken in at a single glance the real condition of the "poor African of the South." It would have added new eloquence to his tongue, new strength to his genius, and new energy to his soul to have been able to witness such a scene as this, and afterwards, when fanaticism should drop the slanderous falsehood from its tongue, to have described, in his own strong and vivid language, the sight he beheld on the banks of the Pearl, in the slave State of Mississippi, and to have told the revilers of our institutions, with his natural boldness, that this was not an isolated instance of the southerners' humanity to the slave—but that it was the same everywhere—over the full length and breadth of our beautiful and smiling South. It would have been a good hint to such a man as Douglas to have told those charlatans in literature, those pharisees in philanthropy, and that immodest womanhood of the North, what we knew the *truth* to be from actual observation.

MUTTON.

### *SLAVE LAWS—LETTER FROM JUDGE O'NEAL.*

*To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.*

SIR, I have looked through Mrs. Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom, and find so many mistakes as to the Negro Laws of South Carolina, that I think, to put the matter right, I should place in your hands a digest of the same, prepared by me in 1848. You will accordingly herewith receive it. You will see in it my opinions freely expressed of its (the law's) imperfections and wrong action, and my suggestions of remedies.

I am sorry to say, that the excitement growing out of the abolition movements at the North has hitherto prevented the Legislature from acting. My belief is, if *the people of the South are let alone*, every desirable reform will soon be brought to pass.

Some of the mistakes of Mrs. Stowe ought to be particularly noticed.

In the State vs. Maner, referred to in the Key p. 72, I laid down the position that at common law, when, as by the act of 1740, a slave is declared to be a chattel, there could be no such thing as an assault and battery on him. That this is undeniable law can hardly be questioned.

But in that same case it was ruled and held (indeed it was the only point in the case) that inasmuch as the murder of a slave had been by the act of 1821 made a felony, an assault and battery, with an intent to kill and murder a slave, was an indictable offence, as a misdemeanour.

The act of 1841, intended to remedy the defect in our jurisprudence, that an indictment for an assault and battery on a slave would not lie, provided that the unlawful whipping of a slave should be a misdemeanour, punishable on conviction, by fine and imprisonment (see the Digest, 19). This act has been rigidly enforced by our Courts, and punishment—adequate punishment, has followed. Why the full decision on the State vs. Maner, and the act of 1821, should have been withheld in a book prepared, as we are told, "with no pleasure, and with much pain," is wonderful.

In South Carolina the very reverse of the principle maintained in the State vs. Maner, 2 Dig., North Carolina Rev. 269, Key 77, has been decided. In Helton vs. Caston, 2 Bail 95, Dig. 43, it was held, that a hirer who unmercifully beats a slave, is liable, for the same to the owner, and a verdict for heavy damages was sustained. Why was not this noticed? Was the sole object to find everything objectionable and exclude everything favourable?

In the Key, 87, is alleged that the act of 1821 diminishes the pecuniary penalty for killing a slave, on sudden heat and passion. This is a strange mistake. The act of 1740 fixed the penalty at £350 current money. Currency is 7 for 1 sterling; the penalty would be, therefore, £50 sterling, which extended to dollars at 4s. 8d., our currency, amounts to $214 28. The pecuniary penalty under the act of 1821 is $500, more than twice as much as the penalty of 1740. Under the act of 1821, imprisonment not exceeding six months is superadded.

The Key affirms that wilful, deliberate murder of a slave cannot occur in the sense of the act! At page 19 of the Digest, which I send to you, it will be seen this is a mistake. "To constitute the murder of a slave, no other ingredients are necessary than such as enter into the offence of murder at "common law." The State vs. Cheatwood, 2d Hill, 459. Under the act of 1821, several convictions of the murder of slaves have been had, and in the past winter a master was hanged at Bennettsville, Marlborough District, S. C., for *the murder of his own slave!*

The case of Eliza Rowand was tried before me, at Charleston, as stated in the Key, 93. The report there given is taken from the *Courier*. Like all newspaper reports, it only gives such parts of the case as are deemed attractive to the public eye! The facts are stated, I believe, correctly; but the Editor does not undertake to give even a synopsis of my charge!

The Attorney General gave in evidence Mrs. Rowand's statement of the manner in which the death of the slave occurred. According to *that*, she had no agency whatever in procuring it, and hence, therefore, she could not be guilty; and this I was bound to say, and did say to the Jury. One of the counsel of the prisoner had talked much of the impolicy of the act of 1821. Taking a different view, I thought it to be my duty to maintain, in the strongest language of which I was master, both the policy and wisdom of the act. So, too, in the course of the argument, the provision of the act of 1740, which declares that the master, or other person having the charge of a slave, whose death may take place, when no other white person is present, shall be deemed and taken to be the slayer, unless the said owner, or other person having the care, shall make the contrary appear by the testimony, or *shall exculpate himself on his own oath*, had been drawn in question! My opinion was always against this provision being construed, as *in pari materia* with the act of 1821, and, therefore, to be taken as part of it. But the Court of Appeals of South Carolina, before I was on the Bench, in the State vs. Rair, 3d, McC., 533, ruled that a prisoner on trial, for the murder of a slave, under the act of 1821, and whose death took place when no white person was present, and while the slave was in his charge, might exculpate himself by his own oath. I was bound, therefore, to say to the Jury, that, if Mrs. Rowand had been offered in her own exculpation, she might have been sworn, although there, and in every other place, both before and after, I had expressed my great repugnance to present such a temptation to Perjury! See Digest, page 20.

The matter, about dogs trained to hunt runaway negroes, is, I am glad to see, not particularly laid to the doors of South Carolinians. I believe *such a trade* now meets, and ever will meet, with the abhorrence of every right-minded, humane master!

I am sorry to see, Sir, the name of Sarah M. Grimke paraded, as a witness of the alleged shame of her native State. It may be, that a solitary instance, such as that stated, at page 89 of the Key, may have occurred. But I was born and raised in South Carolina; have ever lived within her limits; have mingled more than most persons with all classes of her people, and I am now 60 years of age. I was born and raised in the Society of Friends, and have, I trust, both by nature and education, all the merciful, and kind feelings, which belong to that sect—and yet I don't recollect ever to have seen a slave with an iron collar on the neck! If there be a place on earth, where slaves are treated with more kindness than white labourers, *it is Charleston*. Such cruelty as Miss Grimke details as occurring *there*, under her observation, would not *now be tolerated for an hour.*

It is very true, that the amendments of 1740, made for the savage and intractable race of Africans, then constituting the slaves of South Carolina, point to severities which then existed, but which are now altogether unknown. Why they are now raked up, can only be answered by saying it is for the purpose of increasing prejudice!

Overseers are not now what they were in Patrick Henry's or even Sarah M. Grimke's time. They are not now, *generally*, cruel and inhuman taskmasters; they are often intelligent men, and are always selected for habits of active industry. When masters are humane, overseers are necessarily so also! Now and then a cruel overseer, or a cruel master, may be found. Are slave-owners, or Southern institutions, to be judged by such examples?

Generally, slaves at the South are treated with more kindness, have more comforts, and more money of their own, than free servants at the North, or in Europe. This may be denied. I have only to say to Mrs. Stowe, and all who think as she does, come and see.

Visit Charleston, Columbia, Camden, Gov. Aikin's plantation at Jehosser, Col. Hampton's, near Columbia; Col. Chesnut's, near Camden; and then the whole upper part of the State; and if the Institution of Slavery be, as depicted in "Uncle Tom," or the "Key," make it known *far and wide;* but if not, *do us justice. We ask no more.*

JOHN BOLTON O'NEALL.

SPRINGFIELD, S. C. July 23, 1853.

## Selections.

### *THE POPE AND SAINT PETER.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

IT chanced, that while the pious troops of France
Fought in the crusade which Pope Pius preached,
What time the holy Bourbons stayed his hands,
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses,)
Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,
And sanctify his iron homilies
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,
That the good Pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun
Of the bright Orient; and beheld the lame,
The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's feet,
And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all,
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise
From Heaven to Earth, in silver rounds of song,
He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,
Good will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew
His fisher's kaick, and girded up his loins,
And spake, as one who had authority:
"Come thou with me."
Lake-side and eastern sky
And the sweet song of angels passed away,
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,
The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,
Beheld the eternal city lift its domes
And solemn fanes and monumental pomp
Above the waste campagna. On the hills
The blaze of burning villas rose and fell,
And momently the mortar's iron throat
Roared from the trenches; and, within the walls,
Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain,
Shout, drum-beat, and the clanging larum bell,
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled sound,
Half wail and half defiance. As they passed
The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood
Flowed ancle high about them, and dead men
Choked the long street with gashed and gory piles—
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh—
From which, at times, quivered a living hand,
And white lips moved and moaned. A father tore
His gray hairs, by the body of his son,
In phrensy; and his fair young daughter wept
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid
Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen
The blessed Master and His works of love;
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing
Above this open hell? *Thou* God's high priest!
*Thou* the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!
*Thou* the successor of his chosen ones!
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
In the dear Master's name, and for the love
Of His true Church, proclaim thee anti-Christ,
Alien and separate from His holy faith
Wide as the difference between death and life,
The hate of man and the great love of God!
Hence, and repent!"
Thereat the Pontiff woke,
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream.
"What means he?" cried the Bourbon. "Nothing more
Than that your majesty hath all too well
Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.—*National Era.*

### *CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S REPLY TO MR. EVERETT.

*Lord John Russell to Mr. Crampton.*

PATENT OFFICE, Feb. 16, 1853.

SIR: Lord Malmesbury received, just before leaving office, the note addressed to you by Mr. Everett, and left it for the consideration of his successor.

The absence from London of the Ambassador of France has hitherto prevented that communication between the two Governments which the circumstances of the proposal made jointly required.

I have now to inform you of the view which Her Majesty's Government take of Mr. Everett's reply to our overture.

It is doubtless perfectly within the competence of the American Government to reject the proposal that was made by Lord Malmesbury and M. Turgot, in reference to Cuba. Each Government will remain as free as it was before to take that course which its sense of duty, and a regard for the interests of its people, may prescribe.

I should have satisfied my obligations as Secretary of State by this obvious remark, had not Mr. Everett entered at large into arguments which the simple nature of the question before him hardly seemed to require.

The Governments of Great Britain and France, when they made this proposal to that of the United States, were fully aware of the growth of power and extension of territory which have marked the progress of the United States since the period of their independence. The absorption or annexation of Louisiana in 1803, of Florida in 1819, of Texas in 1845, and of California in 1848, has not escaped them; still less did they require to be reminded of the events of the seven years' war, or of the American war.

It occurs to Her Majesty's Government, therefore, to ask for what purpose are these arguments introduced with so much preparation, and urged with so much ability?

It would appear that the purpose, not fully avowed, but hardly concealed, is to procure the admission of a doctrine that the United States have an interest in Cuba, to which Great Britain and France cannot pretend. In order to meet this pretension, it is necessary to set forth the character of the two powers who made the offer in question, and the nature of that offer. Mr. Everett declares, in the outset of his dispatch, that "the United States would not see with indifference the island of Cuba fall into the possession of any other European Government than Spain," &c.

The two powers most likely to possess themselves of Cuba, and most formidable to the United States, are Great Britain and France.

Great Britain is in possession, by treaty, of the island of Trinidad, which, in the last century, was a colony of Spain; France was in possession, at the commencement of this century, of Louisiana, by voluntary cession from Spain. These two powers, by their naval resources, are, in fact, the only powers, who could be equals with the United States for the possession of Cuba. Well, these two powers are ready voluntarily to "declare, severally and collectively, that they will not obtain, or maintain for themselves, or for any one of themselves, any exclusive control over the said island (of Cuba), nor assume nor exercise any dominion over the same."

Thus, if the object of the United States were to bar the acquisition of Cuba by any European State, this convention would secure that object.

But if it is intended, on the part of the United States, to maintain that Great Britain and France have no interest in the maintenance of the present *statue quo* in Cuba, and that the United States have alone a right to a voice in that matter, Her Majesty's Government at once refuse to admit such a claim. Her Majesty's possessions in the West Indies alone, without insisting on the importance to Mexico, and other friendly States, of the present distribution of power, give her Majesty an interest in this question which she cannot forego.

The possessions of France in the American seas, give a similar interest to France which, no doubt, will be put forward by her Government. Nor is this right at all invalidated by the argument of Mr. Everett that Cuba is to the United States as an island at the mouth of the Thames or the Seine would be to England or France.

The distance of Cuba from the nearest part of the territory of the United States, viz.: from the southernmost part of Florida, is 100 miles

An island at an equal distance from the mouth of the Thames would be placed about ten miles north of Antwerp, in Belgium; while an island at the same distance from Jamaica would be placed at Manzanilla, a town in Cuba.

Thus there are no grounds for saying that the possession of Cuba by Great Britain or France would be menacing to the United States; but that its possession by the United States would be so to Great Britain.

There is one argument of the United States Secretary of State which appears to her Majesty's Government not only unfounded, but disquieting.

Lord Malmesbury and M. de Turgot put forward, as a reason for entering into the proposed compact, "the attacks which have recently been made on the Island of Cuba by lawless bands of adventurers from the United States, and with the avowed intention of taking possession of that island." To this reason Mr. Everett replies in these terms: "The President is convinced that the conclusion of such a treaty, instead of putting a stop to these lawless proceedings, would give a new and powerful impulse to them."

The Government of Great Britain acknowledges, with respect, the conduct of the President in disavowing and discouraging the lawless attempts here referred to. The character of these attempts, indeed, was such as to excite the reprobation of every civilized State. The spectacle of bands of men, collected together in reckless disregard of treaties, for the purpose of making, from the ports of the United States, a piratical attack on the territory of a power in amity with their own State, and when there, endeavouring, by armed invasion, to excite the obedient to revolt, and the tranquil to disturbance, was a sight shocking, no doubt, to the just and honest principles of the President. But the statement made by the President, that a Convention, duly signed and legally ratified, engaging to respect the present state of possession in all future time, would but excite these bands of pirates to more violent breaches of all the laws of honesty and good neighbourhood, is a melancholy avowal for the Chief of a great State. Without disputing its truth, her Majesty's Government may express a hope that this state of things will not endure, and that the citizens of the United States would set the example of abrogating its most sacred provisions.

Nor let it be said that such a Convention would have prevented the inhabitants of Cuba from asserting their independence. With regard to internal troubles, the proposed Convention was altogether silent. But a pretended declaration of independence, with a view of immediately seeking refuge, from revolt on the part of the blacks, under the shelter of the United States, would justly be looked upon as the same in effect as a formal annexation.

*Finally, while fully admitting the right of the United States to reject the proposal that was made by Lord Malmesbury and M. de Turgot, Great Britain must at once renounce her liberty; and upon any occasion that may call for it be free to act singly, or in conjunction with other powers, as to her may seem fit.*

I am, &c., J. RUSSELL.

*Mr. Crampton to the Earl of Clarendon.*

[Extract.]

WASHINGTON, April 18, 1853.

In obedience to the instruction contained in Lord John Russell's dispatch, of the 21st February, I have read to the Secretary of State of the United States, and placed in his hands a copy of his Lordship's dispatch, of the 16th of that month, upon the subject of Cuba.

My French colleague having also received instructions from his Government to communicate to the Government of the United States, a dispatch upon the same subject, and very much to the same effect, it was agreed between us that we should, as upon former occasions, in regard to this matter, make our communications simultaneously; and we accordingly waited upon Mr. Marcy together for that purpose, on the 16th inst.

Mr. Marcy, after having listened attentively to what M. de Sartiges and myself read to him, said that he would submit the observations of the two Governments to the President; and remarked that several weeks might probably elapse before any reply would be addressed to us, even should the President be of opinion, which Mr. Marcy seemed to consider doubtful, that any further discussion of this matter between the two Governments was desirable.

It would, he added, of course be necessary for him again to read over the dispatches, in order to comprehend their full import; but as far as he could now judge, the opinion of the two Governments seemed to coincide in reference to two points, viz., the one that the right of the United States to decline the proposals made to them by the English and French Governments was admitted; the other, that some of the general positions taken by Mr. Everett, in [illegible] the 1st of December, 1852, appeared to those Governments to render a protest against them on their part necessary, lest it might hereafter be inferred that those positions had been acquiesced in by them.

We replied that without pretending to point out to Mr. Marcy what further step he was or was not to take in this matter, the object which our respective Governments had in view seemed to us to be, generally, such as he had stated it; and that we, for our part, considered the discussion of the subject closed by the communication which we had just made.

Mr. Marcy appeared to receive our observations in a conciliatory manner, and concluded by expressing his hope and belief that no misunderstanding would arise between the great maritime powers in regard to this matter.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S REPLY to Mr. Everett's brilliant refusal, on the part of our Government, to join with France and Great Britain in guaranteeing Cuba to Spain, as against any Foreign effort to change its political relations, appears in our columns to-day, and we ask for it the earnest and thoughtful consideration of every reader. We have seldom read so brief a public document that contained so much important and apposite truth.

We have already approved the course of the late Administration in declining to entangle our Government in a Treaty with France and Great Britain respecting Cuba. The genius of our institutions and the respect due to the counsels of Washington alike forbid such entanglement. Yet this fact should not blind us to the obvious fairness and pertinence of the proposition so rejected. For years our journals have been loud in denunciation of *British* intrigue for the severance of Cuba from Spain and for its virtual if not formal conversion into a British possession. Nay, our Government has officially reiterated these charges, and pressed them upon the attention of Spain as a cogent reason for the sale of her most valuable colony to this country. Great Britain, naturally indignant at these groundless imputations, offers to unite with France (which assents) and with the United States in a solemn guarantee of Cuba to the mother country. Mr. Everett on our part declines, as was proper, but gives reasons for declining, which amply justify the apprehensions of Spain and the sensitiveness of England to imputations at our hands which are thus shown to be groundless. Our Government stands unmasked as the only one secretly wishing to annex Cuba, and at the same time the only one busy in fermenting Spanish jealousy of the designs of other Powers. Mr. Everett's pretentions in his able and rhetorically clever rejection of the proposal for a Tripartite guarantee to Spain are turned against us with scathing effect in Lord John's less ambitious but most pithy rejoinder.

One of two courses we must manifestly choose—either cease to covet and to grasp, or prepare to fight and pay. If we want colonial possessions as ample as Great Britain's, we must be ready to pay taxes as gigantic as hers—to see army contractors in legions building their palaces and riding in gilded coaches, while the children of mechanics and artisans creep shivering and hungry to bed. Perhaps our uneducated voters are ready for this and prepared to shout at the chariot wheels of the demagogues who contrive it, but those who have passed through our common schools are surely too wise to be caught by such chaff. They know that National aggrandizement and military glory imply Social squalor and misery, and they will decline to throw their bodies into the trenches over which our Cushings and Jeff. Davises would rush to the goal of their unchastened ambition.—*Tribune.*

### *THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.*

From the True Delta, New Orleans, Aug. 18.

THE *Marshall* (Texas) *Republican* publishes a letter from General Rusk dated Nacogdoches, July 28, 1853, addressed to the Hon. W. T. Scott, from which we make the annexed interesting extract. General Rusk, it will be seen, is of opinion that the action of the Legislature of Texas, at the next session, will have a very material effect in determining the question of the route of the contemplated railroad to the Pacific. This opinion is, doubtless, correct, and because we think it is so, we feel a very deep interest in the result of the Texas State election.

We hope the representatives of the people of Texas in the next Legislature will be an honour to their State, and will show their devotion to its best interests by liberal, comprehensive and wise legislation in reference to the Pacific Railroad. The destiny of that noble young State will be in their hands. They will have an opportunity to place her at once in the foremost ranks of the States of this confederacy. By judicious and wise legislation, they can make her, even in her youth, the Empire State of the South. The Pacific Railroad question is *the great question of the day* in Texas. In the settlement of that question the people of Texas have a weighty, an immense interest. We look forward with hope and confidence that the action of the Legislature will be all the friends of a route for the Pacific Railroad can wish for.

General Rusk speaks confidently of the Texas route being the best by far for a railroad to the Pacific. In this, he is supported by the concurrent testimony of many eminent men who have thoroughly examined the subject, and we have no doubt that when Congress meets, the fact will be made apparent to the "assembled wisdom of the Republic."

We are anxious to see New Orleans the terminus of the Pacific Railroad. We believe we have the advantage of location over every other city. We have long been of opinion that the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad should be, of right, the first link in the great chain of railroad communication with the Pacific, and we do believe that if the interests of this section of the Union are ably and efficiently represented in the next session of Congress, we shall gain the eagerly sought for and desired prize. General Rusk and the friends of the Texas route, we feel authorized in saying, may confidently rely on the zealous co-operation of the people of this city and State, in his and their efforts in favour of the great southern route.

In giving this assurance, we know there is much to contend against. It will not do for the friends of the Southern route to be inert. They must be watchful of every movement, and see to it that they have representatives in Congress, fully prepared, willing and able to represent them efficiently.

The time rapidly approaches when action must be substituted for words. Our own State election will soon take place, and every friend of the Southern route should be prepared to give his vote to that candidate for Congress, whom he deems best able to advocate the route. We must be up and doing, if we would secure the adoption of the Southern route by Congress. But to the extract from Gen. Rusk's letter. He says:

I have been much gratified to see that you are a candidate for the Legislature. I believe it will be in the power of that body, at its next session, to determine the question of the route of the Pacific road. None of the surveys authorized by Congress having been ordered south of the 35th degree of north latitude, it will devolve upon Texas to present her own route and its advantages, independent of the aid of the General Government, which, if necessary, can be better obtained, perhaps, after the route is selected, than before. The friends of all the other routes are active, and it therefore becomes absolutely necessary for Texas to be so likewise. We have the best route by far, and a large amount of vacant land; and with these advantages it will be our fault if we lose the road. Gen. Clarke is now spending a few days with me, and will in a short time return to New York. He examined the country for 200 miles west of Fort Graham, on the line of 32.

He saw Neighbors and Shaw, and several others who have examined the country from that point to El Paso, and become perfectly satisfied of the practicability of the route, and are highly pleased with the great resources of our State. Mr. Greely became satisfied also, and has returned. Gov. Paine, as you are aware, and as I very much regret, died at Waco. Gen. Clarke has some business at Houston, or he would come through your section of the country. He has had a slight attack of fever, which delayed him, or I should have prevailed upon him to come up to Marshall. I have received [illegible] from [illegible], El Paso, San Diego, and other points, and I entertain but little doubt of being able to bring about the active co-operation of Memphis, Vicksburg, Arkansas, New Orleans and California, in favour of our route; and if so, and Texas stands up to her largest interests, I feel sanguine that we shall secure the Pacific Railroad, and its completion at an early day.

### *THE UNDERGROUND LINE.*

CHARLES NORCLIFFE was tried last evening on a charge of giving a negro boy belonging to J. S. Clayton and E. Talley, a pass, by which it was thought the negro would be enabled to go to a free State. The pass was signed "William Stratton." Norcliffe was committed to prison.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle, August 9.*

SIMON PAGE, an intelligent mulatto barber, of Charleston, Kanawha, has left his master's service, and taken himself to Canada. Simon enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his master, Mr. John N. Clarkson, and had been entrusted with large sums of money—at one time he drew $4,700 for him in Cincinnati. A short time ago, his wife and children came on a visit to their relatives in this city, as was understood. It has since been ascertained that they only remained a day here, and from thence went to Canada, whither Simon had followed them. The master is much distressed, and even now hopes that Simon will return.—*Louisville Courier.*

"ARRIVALS BY THE UNDERGROUND R. R.—Over seventy persons direct from the land of whips and chains, arrived at Amherstburg last week, safely without accident on the road, although hotly pursued."

In addition to the above we have had several arrivals in Windsor from Virginia and Kentucky during the past week and among which were two of the most perilous escapes. They actually jumped overboard from the deck of a steamboat while she was underway down the Ohio river destined with them for the New Orleans slave mart, and nothing saved them from the auction block but plunging themselves headlong into the dashing waves of that river at midnight and thence swimming to shore.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

SPEAKING of Slavery, reminds us of a circular received from Baltimore by Constable Smith, yesterday, upon which Smith had the satisfaction of paying five cents postage. It offers $100 for the apprehension of a fugitive slave, and is directed to "any Constable in Elmira," the senders of it, no doubt, thinking that the people of Elmira elect Constables who can, at the bidding of slave-dealers, be converted into blood-hounds. In this, we are pleased to say, they are greatly mistaken. Mr. Smith will respond to the precious circular by transmitting to the sender, postage unpaid, a large number of Anti-Slavery documents—such as the speeches of Fred. Douglass and Gerrit Smith. Good idea, that.—*El. Rep.*

IT will be recollected that in our last, we alluded to three coloured persons who passed through our town on the 4th instant, with their masters in close pursuit. On Sunday morning some *eight* of the *chivalrous blood hounds* came riding up Main street, guarding *one* poor old decrepid negro, bound to the horse. They presented a warlike appearance, being armed with clubs, guns, &c.

To give a faint conception of their *heroism* they informed some of our citizens that they had shot one of the three, a female, in her tracks, and left her upon the ground. The head of the one in custody was tied up, being awfully cut and mangled. A day of retribution is certainly awaiting the perpetrators of such inhuman outrages.—*Scion of Temperance, West Union, Ohio.*

SLAVE-HUNTER DEFEATED.—A correspondent of the *American Baptist*, writing from Racine, Wisconsin, says:

"We had, a few weeks since, a test of the 'Fugitive Slave Law' in Racine, a Missourian slave-hunter having come here on the track of a woman whom he claimed as his property. He first tried to induce her by flattering promises to accompany him home; and then, failing of success, applied to several officers of the law with the view of taking forcible possession of his prey. Meanwhile the news of his presence and intentions was circulated, and our citizens were not long in waking up to the subject. A vigilance committee of ten were appointed, and a series of resolutions drawn up and passed in a large meeting called for the purpose, all of which indicated plainly enough to the slaveholder, and the minions of despotism, if such there were among us, that an attempt to enforce the law would prove more than fruitless in this latitude. The man was soon missing, and has not since been heard of.

ABDUCTION.—Last Wednesday evening, says the *Memphis Inquirer*, a negro boy left the employment of his owner in this city, and it was immediately suspected that he was on board the little Aurilla Wood, which boat had departed on the same evening for Cincinnati. Mr. James, whose mother owns the slave, sent telegraphic dispatches to parties in Cairo, Paducah and Smithland, describing the negro, and empowering them to arrest him. When the boat arrived at Cairo, search was made, but the negro was not to be found. The persons making the search, however, seemed to have some experience in such matters, and took passage on the boat; and making a present to a cabin boy, asked him if there was not a runaway negro on the boat. The cabin boy immediately took the gentlemen to the pantry, where the negro was concealed. The blame of the abduction is attributed to the steward of the boat, who could not be found on board at the time the arrest was made. The Aurilla Wood is commanded by Captain Timms. We are not acquainted with the captain, and upon our present meagre information, do not censure him; but we think he ought to clear himself from all suspicion. The negro boy is now in the hands of his owner, in this city, having been brought back yesterday.

THE SLAVE CASE.—*Warning to Steamboat Captains.*—It appears that Captain Timms, of the steamboat Aurilla Wood, has been bound over by the examining Justice, to answer for an alleged abduction of a slave. So far as may be gathered from the testimony published, it would appear that Captain Timms could scarcely be suspected of any collusion with his steward, or disposition to entice the slave from his lawful owners. If we mistake not, however, the law upon this point is very properly exacting, and the captain of a boat is not only required to know that all servants on board have passes, but that these passes are genuine; and it has been held that a forged pass will not exempt him from responsibility. It may appear a hard case to hold a Captain liable for a slave who has escaped either by a forged pass, or without his knowledge or connivance. But on the other hand, the security of this class of property requires the enforcement of a law not less rigid. The case will now be passed upon by a jury; and the greater notoriety which will be thus given to the law will doubtless have the effect to place steamboat captains more on their guard; while Captain Timms will doubtless be exonerated from the charge of *willful* malfeasance.—*Whig, Memphis, Aug.* 11.

THE ROMANTIC ESCAPE.—We published in our last the escape of a slave mother to Canada with her children from Kentucky. The owner of them was a slave-trader, but this was a choice family of slaves for whom he had refused high prices, and to whom it was seen in our former article on this subject that he was quite liberal in allowing them to travel about. The reader will remember that he owned the husband also, who was his right hand servant to attend to his domestic affairs, and as the slave mother and children who had been permitted to visit Cincinnati, did not return according to promise, the husband expressed great anxiety to the master about them and told him that they ought to be gone after and that he felt sure "that some of them was sick, or they would have been back," so the master fitted out the husband with money and started him off post haste after his wife and children, whom he vainly supposed to be in Cincinnati. But behold this was all an understood thing between the husband and wife; it was a masterly stroke of good policy for them to get away from Slavery without being detected, so the husband had nothing to do but to follow on after his family to Canada at his master's expense. And now they are all well and happy in Canada and the husband is making a good living in Windsor at his trade.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

NOBLE-HEARTED GIRLS.—The *Detroit Democrat* relates the following act of two noble-hearted, brave girls of that place, whose act will find a secret applause in the bosom of every one who boasts of having a soul:

"One evening last week two young ladies, daughters of one of our city physicians, were returning from a prayer meeting; they were suddenly confronted by a stalwart black man, who had come out from under the P. R. R. bridge over the Ave. which they were just then crossing. Of course they were a little startled; but being courageous girls, when he gruffly said 'good evening,' they replied with pretty clear voices. He asked them 'what place is this?' They told him. Then he asked which way Canada was and how he could get there. They pointed to the Canada shore and told him that he could get there in a small boat, as the ferry was stopped for the night. They said, 'You are a Fugitive,' and he admitted it. They then asked him to go to their father's house and stay; but as he drew near the house, he said he did not dare to go in, for he had passed the house just before, and saw a man sitting there, and was afraid of him. They assured him he had nothing to fear, and he went in. Being furnished with food he showed he was nearly starved, by his voracity.

"The girls now went to the river to find a boat. This was quite a task. The skiffs were all locked up, and the owners were not easily to be found. One black man who had a boat disgraced himself by refusing to carry his brother African over. At length a Frenchman was found, with a boat, some ways up the river, who, for a fee, took the man from the soil where men wear chains, and are enslaved, to an asylum under the shadow of Victoria's throne.

"Noble-hearted girls! night was more serene, and the stars more bright as they looked upon your labours of love; and angels in heaven rejoiced at the manifestation of the spirit of the all-loving Saviour in your actions. How much purer the joy which filled your hearts that night, when you returned thanks to the Giver of all good, for the mercies of the day, than the pleasure which fires the bosom of the frivolous belle in the ball room."

ESCAPE OF A MOTHER AND CHILD.—The following letter is copied from the *Anti-Slavery Bugle:*

——, August 13th, 1853.

DEAR MARIUS: Slavery *is* horrid. But I never so felt it as now. Three days ago I accompanied a mother and her child from this place to Canada. The mother (not yet twenty-one) is light, fair and beautiful, of noble intellect, and refined, ethereal, *spiritual* nature; the child (a most affectionate and lovely girl of four years) is white, and every way good looking enough for any body's child. They were from Covington, Ky. (where Slavery is so mild), another woman who came with them here was owned by a Methodist *priest* in Louisville. The tender age of this mother had not saved her from being *victimized* by her master, who at length sold her and his own child to a trader. From this more horrible fate that now awaited her, she ran away, being helped over the river by her uncle, the only relative she had in the wide world, on the 19th of August, 1852, just a year into ten days, before I landed her at Malden, and gave her into the arms of this same uncle, he, also, in the mean time, having escaped with his whole family—a wife and four children—from the southern house of bondage.

After thus gaining her liberty, she was kept by the Abolitionists at various places, attending school, till at length her whereabouts becoming too well known, and she having now learned that her uncle was also free, and was waiting to welcome her to a land of freedom, it was deemed best that she should seek safer quarters. Accordingly, she came to this place on Monday of this week, under the protection of a Friend, who has probably harboured, fed and forwarded more fugitives than any other man west of the mountains. A fugitive is as safe here as in Canada—a great deal *more* safe than in Syracuse, but the thought of soon meeting that fond uncle, to whom she owed her liberty, drew her on.

But it was not the continued *fear* manifested by this poor, trembling girl, as we rode on the cars or floated across the lake in the boat, though she had hardly taken her seat aboard the boat before she said in tremour and alarm, "I'm sure I've seen two persons who know me," and sure enough there *were* two, an unfriendly man and woman, by whom, and by many others she was so narrowly watched, and so mercilessly scrutinized, that when we were within a stone's throw of Malden, she asked, "Can't they *stop* me when we go to get off," it was not this *fear* that made me feel how horrid Slavery is, but it was what I witnessed when she and her friends *met*. Such cries of joy I never heard escape human lips as when she threw herself on their necks, but then I never heard such cries of *agony*. And it was such agony that it seemed hard to comprehend how it was joy at all. Oh! Slavery, thou art so *utter* a hell that those who have tasted thy gall and wormwood cannot live their life over again, though it be but for one brief moment, and though that be the most blissful moment of their whole earthly existence, even the thrice blessed era which set them free from thy whip and thy chain—they cannot so much as *remember* thy horrors without undergoing more than the bitterness of death.

JOSEPH TREAT.

### *LUCY STONE IN VERMONT.*

MR EDITOR: The friends of impartial liberty and human freedom, in this part of Orange County, have, for the past week, been enjoying a rich intellectual repast while listening to the soft and melodious and soul stirring eloquence of Miss Lucy Stone, who has "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the high and lofty thoughts that flow with such grace and beauty, like a continuous stream, from the *heart* and *lips* of the gifted speaker. Miss Stone, thus far, has fully sustained her high reputation as an eloquent speaker and advocate of human rights. Her audiences have been very large, and she has been treated by all classes, and parties and sects with great respect. There are none who do not feel more respect for themselves and more sympathy for weak and defenceless slaves, after listning to such facts and such melting tales of suffering and woe. Such has been the intense interest to hear, that no meeting house has been sufficient to hold the people. Startling and appalling facts have been brought out in relation to the meanness, wickedness and treachery of northern pro-slavery politicians and their allies. This part (the western) of the County has been thoroughly aroused, and it is evident that strong conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of Slavery and the wickedness of slaveholders has sunk deep into the hearts and consciences of men, brave men and noble women. The slumbering and latent energies of the soul have been aroused. The blow has been struck

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in the right *place* and at the right *time*. The pro-slavery Ministers, some of whom would not come to hear lest their deeds be reproved, have had meted out to them, in no enviable light, their true character and position. Old Hunkers have not been overlooked, and the great religious bodies have been called to a strict account in giving countenance and upholding this "sum of all villanies" and have been judged out of their own mouths. Like the apostles at a certain time we feel to "thank God and take courage." Would to God the whole State might be electrified with this gospel of human liberty, and freedom for all. May the spirit and love of liberty kindled in the bosoms of the liberty loving freemen of Vermont be cherished as the dearest of God's gifts to man.

Yours faithfully for freedom,

J. Claflin.

West Brookfield, Aug. 22, 1853.

—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

## *MISS STONE'S LECTURE.*

Miss Stone spoke according to appointment, and to a full and intellectual house. We had never heard her, nor indeed any other (so called) ultra Abolitionist, lecture on the subject before. We were perfectly aware beforehand of the points of difference between the several Anti-Slavery schools, and did not expect that she would secure our assent, or that of her audience generally, to some of her positions touching the abolition of this great State and National wrong and its constitutional lien. We knew that she regarded the constitution as recognising and sustaining this giant evil; that she claimed the expediency and necessity of a separation of the North from the South, and an abstaining from voting or holding office under the present constitution—relying solely on a renovation, or regeneration of the moral and religious sentiment of the people to break the manacles and let the oppressed go free.

*She* would not make it a political issue; we would, and rally every man—and woman too, *if* women were *allowed* to vote—to vote against every measure and man who does not ignore the holding of property in man, and speak and work for its overthrow.

*She* would nave the North withdraw from the South, and organize a separate government, carrying out, in all its departments, the self-evident truth of equal rights proclaimed by our Declaration of Independence; *we* would have the North cling to the South, *because* of her peculiar institution—like the refiner's fire, or the storm wind that agitates only to purify.

But the severest logician must admit the impregnableness of her position, that only through a regenerated moral and religious sentiment can Slavery be abolished, whether we regard it in its social or political phase; and few, we think, who love, and have faith in the power of truth and right, will hesitate to assent to her conclusion—so eloquently pressed—that the giant wrong can and will be made to retreat before this sentiment.

What politician will attempt to escape the force and point of her simple declaration that Slavery can never be abolished so long as the slaveholder is elevated by the public sentiment to the highest offices in the State—so long as it is no dishonour to men, as men, to deal in man as property?—or the other position, that slaveholding will cease when the thief and robber of men, women, and children is looked upon as mean, and ineligible for offices of honour and trust, as the stealer of paltry *things?*

What member of the Christian church did not feel his cheek burn with shame and conviction of the truth of her declaration, that slaveholding would have been abandoned ere this, if the professing Christian bodies had washed their hands of it—that it could not stand a day if the nominal Christian church took the same ground towards the baby-stealer and his accomplices that it does towards the chicken-thief and his aiders and abettors?

Christian apologists of *things as they are*, may denounce Lucy Stone as an infidel; but if she be what *they* call infidel, the more is it their shame that her self-devotion in enforcing the *commands of Christ*, excels theirs. And singular indeed does it sound to hear men, in the same breath, accuse a person of being too radical in enforcing the *practical* importance of a test command of Christ's, and yet an infidel—a *too radical Christian* an infidel! Verily, the *Jews* are upon us.

Let no one misrepresent us, because we defend the Christian truth and faithfulness of Lucy Stone's positions on *Slavery* as a moral wrong. We differ from her, as we do from many another noble worker for humanity, in our creed, or views of Bible doctrines, usually so called. But we claim that whoever accepts Christ and *his* teachings as *the* rule of their life, and 'teaches men so,' is a *Christian*. Christ made the test of Christian character to rest upon love to God as supreme, and love to man as to ourself. We believe too, that God will be better pleased if we pick the beams out of our own eyes, instead of attempting to put out the eyes that see some things clearer than we, because there may be motes in them.—*Brattleboro' (Vt.) Dem.*


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1853.


## *SUNDAY ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.*

It affords us pleasure to state, that the New York Anti-Slavery Society has engaged Metropolitan Hall for Anti-Slavery meetings on SUNDAY (to-morrow), at such hours as may be appointed and advertised in the daily papers. The Whole World's Temperance Convention will bring together many of our best Anti-Slavery speakers, some of whom will no doubt remain here over Sunday in order to attend the Woman's Rights Convention on Tuesday and Wednesday next. The occasion is therefore regarded as favourable for a strong Anti-Slavery demonstration. The arrangements at this present writing are not complete, but we are authorized to announce William Lloyd Garrison and Lucy Stone among the speakers for the occasion. Wendell Phillips and Rev. Theodore Parker have been invited to speak, and Gerrit Smith and others will be if they come to the Temperance Convention. See *Tribune* of Saturday for further particulars.

## *TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society appeal to all its members and friends, in every part of the Union, for aid to sustain their operations during the coming Autumn and Winter.

The field of our action is continually enlarging. The demand for the faithful preaching of Anti-Slavery principles is greater than we can meet. From Maine to Wisconsin, the call for those who can speak the words which will first awaken, and then purify and heal, this guilty land, is earnest and loud. What we can do, to answer this call, shall be done. We need not say that our ability, in this respect, will be in proportion to the self-sacrificing contributions of the individual members of the Society, and friends of the cause.

The Committee have already commenced operations for the season, in the Western States. Three of our truest friends and ablest speakers have already gone into that field—viz.: Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby K. Foster. Mr. Garrison is contemplating a visit to Central New York, and to Michigan. Others will precede or follow him; and, joining with the speakers resident at the West, will, we hope, by the first of October, together constitute the largest and strongest corps of Anti-Slavery labourers, which has been in the field for many years.

To carry on the work more particularly in the State of New York, and the States west of it, a generous friend of the cause in Boston has already pledged the sum of One Thousand Dollars. With this encouraging beginning, we appeal with the more confidence to our friends to come forward and sustain this special work. Let us take advantage of the aroused attention, and awakening conscience of the land, and publish the saving truths of uncompromising Anti-Slavery everywhere. It is the truth—and the truth alone—which shall make this people free. Fettered by no sect or party, we will proclaim it, as God shall give us strength.

We address ourselves to every Auxiliary Society—to every Anti-Slavery neighbourhood—to every true mind and heart. We have been blamed, by some of our friends, for so seldom calling upon the Abolitionists of the country for pecuniary aid. Certainly we have not pressed them with frequent demands. We have preferred to think that the eminent importance and sacredness of our cause would make all its friends prompt and unsolicited givers. But we feel that the *present* and the *future* demand of us greater efforts than we have ever put forth. It is not for us to tire of the work, and throw the burden upon other shoulders. Let *no one* look back, who has put his hand to the Anti-Slavery plough.

We earnestly ask immediate attention to this appeal. Donations of money, or pledges of sums to be paid at any time between this and the first of January next, should be sent to the Treasurer, Francis Jackson, Boston; or to the Assistant Treasurer, Sydney Howard Gay, 142 Nassau St., New York.

For the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

Wendell Phillips, *Rec. Secretary,*

*Boston*, August 29, 1853.

## *A WOMAN RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.*

Not many days ago, a gentleman of this city—a wide-awake Abolitionist—was riding in the cars between Canandaigua and Elmira, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a bright, fine-looking coloured girl, about 20 years of age, whom he suspected to be a slave, she being in company with a white lady from Missouri, in the capacity of nurse. Our friend at once determined, if possible, to find an opportunity to speak with her, and, if his suspicion should prove well-founded, to inform her that, by the laws of New York, she was entitled to her freedom, and could not be taken back to the South against her will. After awhile, he succeeded in getting a seat contiguous to that occupied by the girl, and when, at length, the cars having stopped for some inexplicable reason, the passengers put their heads out at the windows, he gave her a significant look and asked, "*Do you want to be free?*" She fixed her eyes on our friend for an instant, with an expression which he says he shall never forget, and which seemed to him to indicate an intense anxiety to read his motives, and then, in a tone and manner which proved that his friendly face had inspired her fullest confidence, she answered: "Yes, sir—I do." Our friend was delighted by this answer, and he resolved to forego urgent business and make any sacrifice that might be necessary in order to secure the freedom of the girl. Before the cars had gone ten miles further he contrived to ascertain her name, the name of her mistress, and their plan of travel for the next two days. Fortunately there was on board at the same time another good Abolitionist, whose instinct enabled him to perceive what was going on. It took but a glance and a word of explanation from our friend to make this stranger a party to his plans. The stranger adroitly contrived to fall into conversation with the mistress, and thus to direct her attention from our friend and the slave, giving the two last named an opportunity for some further explanations. The mistress assured the stranger that she had "told Judah she might leave whenever she pleased;" an assertion that was absolutely false, since, so far from being willing that the girl should leave her, she had exacted a solemn promise that she would do no such thing. Judah being a professor of religion, and a *conscientious* woman, this promise proved afterwards to be the only obstacle to her taking her freedom.

The mistress and her slave left the cars at Horseheads, six miles above Elmira, where the father of the former, C. A. Underhill, Esq., resided. Our friend went on to Elmira, where he soon made such arrangements as were necessary to prevent the clandestine removal of the girl and bring her before a competent magistrate by *Habeas Corpus*. The proper writ having been issued by Judge Thurston of Elmira, the girl was brought before him on the following morning. Upon being interrogated by the Judge, it appeared that she was the slave of a Mr. Barber of Missouri; that she had been hired of her master for a year by a Mr. Warner, with whose wife she had come to the North; that she was not well treated at home and earnestly desired her freedom. Judge Thurston informed her that she was legally free, having been brought into this State by her owner or his representative, and therefore not being a fugitive from labour, such as the Constitution describes. She said the only thing that made her hesitate about staying at the North was her promise to her mistress that she would return to Missouri. Her friends reminded her that that promise was made under duress, and therefore was not binding. After considerable discussion of the rights and obligations of the respective parties, in which Mr. Underhill, the father of the temporary mistress, took part, the girl announced that she would take twenty-four hours to make up her mind; and that, meanwhile she would stay with those friends at Elmira who had interested themselves in her behalf. Under an escort of Anti-Slavery people, among whom were Sandy Brandt and John W. Jones, she left the court room. Less than twenty-four hours' intercourse with her white and coloured friends, among whom were several fugitives who had tested both the bitterness of slavery and the delights of freedom, sufficed to remove all doubts from her mind as to the duty she owed to herself as a rational being. She concluded to obey the injunction of the Apostle, "If thou *mayest* be made free, *use it rather*."

Thus, by the prompt obedience of our friend to the inward monitor, and a skilful adaptation of means to ends, he was enabled to snatch from the impure and bloody altar of Slavery a woman, who, but for his fidelity, might have dragged out a miserable existence under all the degrading influences of bondage, and entailed the same dread fate upon a numerous posterity. She is now placed where she can earn her livelihood by voluntary and remunerated labour, and where, by the proper exercise and development of her intellectual faculties, she may prepare herself for a life of the highest usefulness. If she shall become a wife and a mother, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that her husband and children are not slaves.

Mazzini's Anti-Slavery Letter, read by Mr. Garrison at the Flushing Celebration, has excited the wrath of some of the Southern papers, as we expected it would. The Philadelphia *Register* copies the following paragraph from the New Orleans *Bulletin:*

"We are getting heartily tired of these patriotism mongers, and the less we of the South have to do with them, the better. There are some of them we highly respect—Meagher, for instance—but the greater proportion are more fit, in our opinion, for the penitentiary, than to be the leaders of an oppressed people on a journey to the Canaan of freedom. God help the people that depend upon *them*. What they now endure is preferable to what they would have to endure under the rule the 'patriots' would establish."

The *Register* comments as follows:

"Our Southern cotemporary would never have any thing 'to do' with such men as Kossuth and Mazzini, had it maintained its consistency. It defends the social system of the South, on precisely the same grounds Francis Joseph and the Pope allege to justify the time-honoured despotism of which they are the heads. Every man who justifies oppression of the ignorant and feeble around him, should go where he belongs—into the great party of monarchs and tyrants. Kossuth and Mazzini are in the opposite ranks.

## *THE PRO-SLAVERY CRY OF "INFIDELITY."*

Soon after the last annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Frederick Douglass avowed his *suspicion* that Parker Pillsbury, H. C. Wright and Stephen S. Foster had been "induced to absent themselves" from that meeting "because their presence might give new force to the charge of infidelity which is brought against the Society." Of course there was not the slightest ground for such a suspicion, except in Mr. Douglass's own imagination, two of the persons named having been prevented from attending the meeting by ill-health, and the other by pressing engagements elsewhere. In view of Mr. Douglass's former relations to those gentlemen and his professions of friendship for the American Society, it seemed, at first view, strange that he should make such an allusion to the charge brought against them by a pro-slavery Church without saying a single word in their defence. But those who were previously aware of his *animus*, and who knew how adroitly he had been working his cards for a year or two before, with the apparent design of securing patronage from the "evangelical" maligners of Mr. Garrison and the American Society at home and abroad, without sacrifising that of the maligned parties, were not at all surprised. Since there was nothing in the proceedings of our last Anniversary which even a *Jezebel* could pervert to pamper the hostility of British sectarians, it was necessary to *invent* some method of reminding them that the Society was in fact, just as 'infidel' as ever; and so this "suspicion," that Pillsbury, Foster and Wright had been "induced to absent themselves" from politic motives, had a natural birth.

At the celebration of the First of August at Framingham, Mr. Douglass being present, Wendell Phillips took occasion to speak in his presence of his covert hostility to his old friends, and of this constructive endorsement of the charge of "infidelity" as brought against the persons above named. Mr. Douglass replied on the spot, *after a fashion*, but reserved his principal fire till he could get before an audience of a somewhat different character. Here is what he said in his own paper on the point above referred to:

Another fault set to my account at Framingham is (and no report is made of it), that I neither affirmed nor denied the charge brought against these gentlemen. It was said, 'that the time *was* when I would have denied the charge of infidelity brought against them.' I admit that there was once such a time—a time when I would have denied, with all proper emphasis, such a charge. That I do not do it now is not owing to an unkind or to an unjust disposition towards either of the gentlemen named; but it is owing to an altered state of the case. These gentlemen have made progress, and do not stand where they once did. *If* the charge of infidelity, now brought against them, were the result of their faithfulness to the slave's cause—*if* that charge were purely the invention of a *pro-slavery church*, and of a dumb-dog ministry; conceived and brought forth with the diabolical purpose of giving aid and comfort to the traffickers in human flesh, without any probable foundation (as I once honestly supposed it to be), *I would denounce it now*, as I did then, with the utmost scorn and indignation. But I put it to Mr Phillips with point-blank pungency, to say whether *he believes this charge to have no other foundation than the malice of a pro-slavery church?* He knows, and knows *very well*, that other than the malice of such a church has given currency to such a charge. It is, therefore, asking a little *too much* of me, as an Abolitionist, to defend Messrs. Wright, Pillsbury and Foster, from the charge of infidelity. Those gentlemen do not themselves ask it. Messrs. Pillsbury and Wright would scorn to ask it. They not only are disbelievers in the Bible, and scout its inspiration, but *if* there *be* any meaning in words, they glory in such disbelief; and laugh at the absurdity of recognizing *any* book as of *divine* authority. A pretty ridiculous figure, indeed, should I cut defending these gentlemen from the charge of infidelity!

I should have to invent a new dictionary, and change the meaning of words, to defend these gentlemen from the charge of being infidels! '*An infidel* (according to Webster) *is one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine origin of Christanity.*'

According to this definition, and to the plain use of words, these gentlemen *are* infidels; and it would have been either the utmost folly, or the grossest dishonesty in me, to have pursued the course commended by Mr. Phillips, and have defended these gentlemen.

So the mask is off at last, and we have Frederick Douglass mingling his voice with the voices of the New York *Observer*, the New York *Herald*, the *Express*, and the whole pro-slavery press and pulpit in the United States, declaring Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury and Stephen S. Foster to be "infidels." A beautiful addition, to be sure, to a very familiar, though a very execrable chorus! The affectation of surprise that he (Mr. D.) should be called upon to defend these men from the charge of infidelity, is a trick worthy of a man driven against his will to utter what is in his heart. The accused parties, he reminds us, "do not themselves ask" any defence. They "would scorn to ask it." Very true, and it might have been added that they also "scorn" the charge itself and the spirit that dictaed it. It is not likely that those scarred veterans in the Anti-Slavery ranks will go to Mr. Douglass for a certificate of their Christian character, nor beg him to correct any slander which it may suit his purpose to utter. They are men whose love of Christianity is certified by lives devoted, as was that of Jesus, to "doing good" to their fellow-men. So far as they are individually concerned, they can well afford to remain silent. But the charge against them, made by a malignant pro-slavery press and endorsed by Mr. Douglass, is not, on that account, less false in substance, nor the spirit that dictated it less Satanic.

Mr. Douglass "puts it to Mr. Phillips with point blank pungency" [assurance would have been a more appropriate word] "to say whether *he believes this charge* [of infidelity against Messrs. W., P. and F.] to *have no other foundation than the malice of a pro-slavery Church?*" Mr. Phillips can speak for himself, if he deems it worth while, but *we* answer the question unhesitatingly and emphatically in the affirmative. "The malice of a pro-slavery Church," embittered by sectarian bigotry, could alone have dictated such a charge against men eminent for every Christian virtue. Mr Douglass knows perfectly well that the word "infidel," as applied by false-hearted religionists of the present day to reformers, is used in a sense limited by the definition of no lexicographer, and yet he is not above the cowardly meanness of taking position behind such a definition in order to justify himself for joining in the hue-and-cry of the pro-slavery Church against three noble and devoted men, whose toils and sacrifices in the Anti-Slavery cause entitled them to justice, if not gratitude, at the hands of a fugitive slave. But his entrenchment will not serve him. Webster's definition, well enough when honestly used, does not tally with the popular apprehension as to the meaning of the word, but we do not hesitate to accept it in this case: "*Infidel*—one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the Divine origin of Christanity." We shall not stop to split hairs as to the meaning of the word "inspiration" as used here; but, admitting, for the sake of the argument, that neither of the accused parties believes the Scriptures inspired in the sense intended to be expressed by the great lexicographer, we affirm, with all the confidence with which a man, under any circumstances, may undertake to speak the sentiments of another, that every one of them does heartily and earnestly believe in the Divine origin of Christianity; and we challenge Mr. Douglass to produce a line from the writings of either of them, in which that doctrine is denied. And here, that there may be no mistake as to our meaning, we take the definition of Webster, Mr. Douglass's chosen authority: "*Christianity*—The system of doctrines and precepts taught by Christ, and recorded by the evangelists and apostles." Of course, they will claim the common Protestant right of judging for themselves what those doctrines and precepts are, and of the reasons why they should be obeyed. They would not take the interpretations of either Dr. Spring or Bishop Meade, nor even those of Mr. Douglass, who, professing to be a disciple of Christ, yet claims the right, in the face of Christ's positive precepts, to kill his enemies. Christ himself tells us that we may know men, not by their theological views and professions, nor by their theories as to his own rank in the scale of being, but "*by their fruits.*" Judged by this standard, the men whom Mr. Douglass charges with infidelity pre-eminently deserve the name of Christians, for they have manifested the spirit, and done the works of Christ. They have taken up the cross of the Nazarine and borne it bravely, under temptations which have proved too strong for the virtue of many of their former associates. The Pharisees charged Jesus with casting out devils by the power of Beelzebub, and the Pharisees of our day charge the [illegible] and most self-sacrificing men with seeking to break the chains of the slave by the same power. The charge is no more false in the one case than in the other. To each of the brave men whom it suits Mr. Douglass to aid a pro-slavery Church in maligning, may well be applied the language of Whittier in his beautiful tribute to Daniel Neall:

"——Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the Church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still:
And, while 'Lord, Lord!' the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor their Master crucified,
*His* daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good."

The Satanic spirit of the American Church is never so visibly manifest as when it utters the cry of "infidelity" against men whose lives are consecrated to the great work of man's deliverance from oppression and sin, and who, while that Church is trampling the precepts of Jesus under its feet, show their love of Him and his principles by reverently following in his footsteps. We are more sorry than disappointed to find that Mr. Douglass has become so ungrateful to his old associates, and so reckless of the claims of justice, honour and truth, as to join in that cry. He will, of course, choose his own company, but he will find in the end that in taking the part of the pro-slavery Church in accusing Messrs. Wright, Pillsbury and Foster, he has earned that Church's contempt; and its supporters will probably pay him as the slaveholders paid Daniel Webster for saving the Union.

There are persons who would like to be informed as to the precise period in Mr. Douglass's life when his faith became so Orthodox, and his piety so "evangelical" as to revolt at the heresies of the persons whom he now brands as infidels. A little information on this point might perchance help us to put a right estimate upon his present professions. Whatever may be the truth on this head, we are thankful that he has at length uttered in public the accusations which, if we are not misinformed, he has often uttered in private. Mr. Douglass is a man of genius, but he cannot work miracles any more than the rest of us; and he need not think it strange if, in his efforts to conciliate the enemies of the American Anti-Slavery Society, he should sacrifice the good opinions of its friends.

## *ANTI-SLAVERY FRIENDS.*

D. G. Mendenhall, in answer to some inquiries made by the *Bugle*, respecting the present state of the religious body of Anti-Slavery Friends, composed of persons who seceded some years ago from the Indiana Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends, furnishes that paper with the following information respecting that portion of the Society who live in Iowa:

I have been living for some years in Salem, Iowa, where a congregation of this people meet. They are, at present, in a pretty flourishing condition, still continuing to maintain their position with unflinching determination. They are doing a great good in this region, and working an entire change in the sentiments of the people in regard to "Slavery, that foulest blot on our national policy." Ten years ago, at the time of their outcry against this abomination, there was a third party organized in Henry Co., Iowa; but at that time it was very feeble, so much so, indeed, that one township could at the first election thereafter, only boast three votes; and this was a fair sample of most other townships in the county. But the steady aim of these people has wrought a great change, which was told in tones of thunder last fall at the ballot-box. That very same township, which eight or ten years ago, only held three men, who were not afraid to stand up in defence of Human liberty, last fall voted the Free Soil ticket by an overwhelming majority, as did several other townships. Henry County only lacked sixteen votes of sending a Free Soil Representative to the General Assembly.

Anti-Slavery Friends are possessed of more liberality than many other people. Their meeting-houses are always granted for scientific and literary purposes. Charity for the opinions of others, is inscribed on their banner. Your readers may not be aware that *they* were the people attacked by the Missourians six years ago. The circumstance was as follows:

Nine slaves (belonging to a Mr. Daggs, of Clark County, Missouri) ran away and took refuge among the Abolition Quakers, as they were called. They were pursued, their whereabouts discovered, and an army of seven hundred gallant Missourians were sent over to Iowa to capture them. They surrounded the village of Salem, and guarded it for several days, threatening all the while to burn the town. This, however, they did not do, but went away, taking with them only three or four of the slaves; one a woman who had an infant only a few days old, the rest making good their escape. But the matter did not end here, for Daggs, the owner of the slaves, instituted a suit against many of the members of the Society of Anti-Slavery Friends, whom he naturally supposed guilty of aiding the flying fugitives, and got a judgment of two thousand nine hundred dollars against the defendants, which was a grievious affair, as most of them were illy able to pay such unjust demands. But nothing daunted by their ill luck, these friends of liberty are still exerting themselves in her cause. They are the principal supporters of a paper called the *Iowa Free Democrat*, published by S. L. Howe, at Mount Pleasant (Iowa), and devoted to the emancipation of the African race, Free Soil, &c. Their principles may not be exactly in accordance with views entertained by some of your readers, as they still cleave to the Union, and believe that Slavery may be abolished by the ballot-box, the Constitution sustained, &c.; but be their opinions what they may in regard to these matters, they should be hailed joyfully as friends of humanity.

The main body of the "Anti-Slavery Friends," at the time of the secession, resided, if we mistake not, in the vicinity of Newport, Wayne County, Indiana. We should like to hear as good an account of them as Mr. Mendenhall has given of their brethren in Iowa.

## *"FANATICS" AT HOME.*

Among the many faithful labourers in the Anti-Slavery cause, who have "endured hardness as good soldiers," and, by their fidelity in times of discouragement and peril, made that cause ever triumphant in the face of seeming defeat, Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster deserve a high rank. We say this the more readily because, owing to their intense zeal, their unflinching boldness, and their uncompromising spirit, they have been subjected to indignities and misrepresentations such as few of their associates have been called to endure. The pro-slavery press has for years made them a target for the foulest abuse, and thousands of honest, well-meaning people, thinking there must be *some* truth to form a basis for such denunciations, have been made to believe that they were little better than strolling vagabonds, happy in no domestic or social relation, and finding their only enjoyment in indiscriminate assaults upon all the institutions of society. Mrs. Foster, in common with every other woman who has ventured to appear before the public in the capacity of a public speaker, has been depicted as neglectful of home duties in her wish to gratify a morbid thirst for notoriety! How false this was all her friends have known from the first, but their voices have scarcely been heard in the din of misrepresentation which the pro-slavery press and pulpit have kept up. At length there is a change in the state of public opinion—an abatement of old prejudices—and many who were once almost ready to crucify Abolitionists, are beginning to ask with a good degree of candour who and what these "fanatics" are, and what it is they are trying to do. The present is therefore a favourable time for presenting our "best abused" people in the proper light before the public, that they may be better understood and more correctly appreciated. For this reason we copy from the *Anti-Slavery Bugle* the following picture of Stephen and Abby Foster as they appear at Home.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 3, 1853.

Dear Marius: This morning I left the home of our sterling coadjutors, Stephen and Abby K. Foster. I was pleased to see how Stephen and Abby Foster are living. Perhaps some of your readers would like to know, especially as they are so soon to visit Ohio, and some other States, on a tour in the cause of Humanity and Liberty.

I don't know how far I may be permitted to write the *Mysteries of their Mansion*. I am a pretty early riser myself, and was making my way through the kitchen, to jo[illegible], with one of his workmen, had been grinding his scythe under my chamber window, all the time I was washing and dressing, when who should I encounter but the Mistress of the Mansion herself, busily employed at an ironing table.

I venture to write this, though she scolded me like a step-mother, for this untimely intrusion. The family cooking range was in full blast, on the heated top of which, floated her fleet of flat irons. She was dressed all so free and easy, in loose Bloomer Costume, her constant working garb, and as I thought, had risen out of due time, to have the cool of the day, for this piece of *woman's weekly blacksmithing*. A little pale woman of my *particular* acquaintance in New Hampshire, sometimes thus economizes her not over-abundant endurance, and I was perhaps looking for the same in Mrs. Foster. But she assured me that she had been up more than an hour and a half, and rose no earlier that morning than usual. They keep three or four cows, and she is the milk maid. A man calls for the milk to carry to the city to market, about half past four o'clock, every morning, and she told me he never had to wait long. She and the birds commence their song at half past three, or a little later; for work seemed only her song and cheerily onward came and went the day.

They have purchased a Massachusetts farm of sixty acres of land, rocks, undrained meadows, unfenced fields, neglected orchards, and buildings sadly down at heel and out at elbows, and have bravely set themselves to regenerate and redeem it. Some people suppose our friends to be a kind of destructive monsters, incapable of anything but a perpetual warfare upon Slavery, and its "allied powers" of church and ministry, Union and government. Never was a greater mistake. Under their *Fostering* hand, the wilderness blossoms, and the desert shouts for joy. Confusion and chaos yield the reign, and what was the neglected, wretched, ruined home and possession of Intemperance, is become the happy and handsome abode of Industry and Virtue, Plenty and Peace.

But it is costing many long days of hard, persevering toil. These, however, are cheerfully borne. When Stephen addresses himself to the labouring classes, as he often does in our meetings with great beauty and power, he is speaking to those with whom he is emphatically identified. No man goes to the field with a greater relish, few to any better purpose. Whatever he does, he does with his might. I have seen him in Faneuil Hall before an audience of four thousand people, the elite, many of them, of Massachusetts society, and that multitude bent before the tempest of his eloquence, like the loyal grain field at the voice of the western wind. And I could hardly believe the man I saw this morning, bending to rigorous field labour, with hands hard and caloused, face browned almost to bronze, and garments parti-coloured with patching, was the same. And yet to me, he had come to his true dignity, his real greatness, then and there, as never when harranguing an admiring multitude in Boston or the West.

And Mrs. Foster is proving herself a model wife at home as well as the Queen of our Female Reformers in more public spheres. No farmer's wife in New England is more devoted to domestic affairs, or toils more diligently with her own hands at the hardest of woman's work. Much of the time last year her family was very large, having workmen employed on the building, as well as on the farm. Once she had only a pale, sickly Irish girl to assist in the work. Then she cheerfully bore the burden and heat of the day, of every day, herself, and performed the heaviest and hardest part of the work of that large family, with her own hands. And at present she stands scarred most honourably with severe labour, though they have an excellent family just come to reside with them, and conduct their business during the autumn and winter, while they are abroad in the work of humanity. They were fortunate, and feel so, in finding so good a family.

And not the least interesting circumstance in their present position is, that it is voluntarily assumed. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Foster need ever thus doom themselves to such labour. Multitudes would deem it dishonourable—nay would despise them for it. With their commanding talents and genius, they could grow rich much faster, were that their object, in a thousand other ways. But they are indebted to the world as little for their philosophy, as they will be for their fame or fortune. They reason in a way peculiarly their own. They see and say that much hard labour must be done. They are willing to do their part. They take their lot with the rest of the *working world*. Let whoever shall see and hear them during the coming months in the West, remember, that great as they are abroad, they are still greater at home. They can conquer rugged nature in the field and forest, as well as move the hearts and mould the characters of their fellow men abroad. They have a dual mission in the world, and nobly are they fulfilling it. With head, heart and hand, they are serving their generation. Long may they live to bless and be blessed. They are building their own monuments, of material better than Parian marble. No matter for their fame in this generation; for justice is ever done in good time.

Your and their friend and brother,

Parker Pillsbury.

Inconsistency of Politicians.—The Albany *Evening Journal* commented upon the Cincinnati slave case, recently decided by Judge McLean, as follows:

*A Hard Case.*—The fugitive slave in Cincinnati recently handed over to his master had resided for three or four years past in Ohio, and was a sober, hard-working man, of about thirty years of age. He married a free woman in that State, and has had by her three children, now living. The safety of the Union required that this man should be torn from his wife and children, and sent back into perpetual Slavery, to bear the contumely and lash of his master. What "lower law" could there be than that which, in a *Free* country, exacts such sacrifices from a human being?

The *Express* of this city copied the above and subjoined the following remarks, in which, as it strikes us, the *Journal* is fairly hit:

We do not well see how the *Journal* can support and vote for parties and men that uphold such doings! Gen. Washington put this contract into the Federal Constitution, with old Ben Franklin, and Alexander Hamilton, and Roger Sherman; and being there, it is done by force of this contract, and under express authority of law. The wonder, however, is, how the *Journal* could ever support or vote for anybody who made such contract or law, or who held such property. Nevertheless it affects to have great joy over the election of Whig slaveholders in Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, and it tells us it warmly supported one of the very largest of them—Gen. Taylor—for high office.

Does not the *Journal* mistake its party, its position, its company? Ought it to support and to sustain men who think "the Union must be saved" in this way? Ought it to have any connection whatsoever with Southern Whigs, or such of us Northern men who hold the Constitution and its contracts to be the supreme law of the land? Ought it even to live *in* such a country or under such a Constitution as thus contracts, according to Justice McLean's decision?

To support candidates and principles utterly repugnant to a man is incompatible with honesty of purpose and sincerity of character. To stand by a party which, in National Convention at Baltimore, solemnly pledged itself to do this very thing, and put Gen. Winfield Scott upon that pledge, thus made and accepted, shows that such talk as the above is all hypocrisy and affectation. An out-and-out Abolitionist like Gerrit Smith has our sincere respect for sincerity and consistency of purpose; and even for Fred. Douglass, who stands by his own race and colour, we have something of admiration; but for such as are both traitors to their race and their principles we really cannot, even if we ought, feel any very enthusiastic admiration.

Female Philanthropist from England.—We are indebted to our friend Wm P. Powell for an introduction to Mrs. Mary Jackson, a lecturer on Temperance, who has just arrived here in the capacity of a delegate from several Total Abstinence Societies in England to the Whole World's Temperance Convention. For twenty years she has been an advocate of the Temperance cause, and of true liberty, in every sense of the word, in her native land; and during the few months that she may spend in the United States, she hopes to serve the good cause in which she has been so long engaged, as well as to enjoy the pleasures of travel. A day or two before her departure from Liverpool, Mrs. Jackson addressed a large Temperance meeting in that city, Rev. Mr. Bishop being in the chair. At the conclusion of her address a resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted, in which she is commended to the friends of the cause on this side of the Atlantic as an exemplary wife and mother and an efficient lecturer. Mr. Bishop, in communicating this resolution to Mrs. Jackson, expresses his own hearty concurrence in it, and says it conveys the sentiments of tens of thousands of temperance people in the United Kingdom. We need not say that a female advocate of Temperance, who comes thus strongly recommended will meet a cordial welcome from the true friends of the cause in this country. Having risen above all the difficulties which beset her path as a lecturer in Great Britain, she may well anticipate that in this country, where female speaking is attractive if not popular, she will meet with no obstacles that cannot be easily overcome.

The Yellow Fever is still raging with undiminished fatality in New Orleans. During the week ending August 28, the number of deaths from the disease was 1,442. Accounts from Natchez state that the greatest alarm was prevailing there, and more than half of the inhabitants had left the city in consequence of the ravages of the Fever.

Excitement at Niagara Falls.—The daily papers of Tuesday contained the following telegraphic dispatch:

Niagara Falls, Monday, Aug. 29, 1853.

Great excitement was occasioned at the Cataract House yesterday by the arrest, by Deputy Marshall Tyler of Patrick Sneed, alias Joseph Watson, a coloured waiter at that House, who is accused of being the murderer of James E. Jones, of Savannah, on 6th July, 1849.

The waiters, believing him to be arrested as a fugitive slave, rescued him from the officers and barricaded the door of the dining room. One of the officers drew a revolver and snapped it at the man, but the cap missed fire.

The door was then forced—the man again seized—and again rescued by the Negroes, who hurried him down to the ferry, where he jumped into a boat and was rowed half way across the river by the ferryman, who left the boat in the middle of the stream and returned on another boat to the shore to ascertain the particulars of the case from the officers.

Finding the crime to be murder, the ferryman agreed to row down to the landing at the bridge, and there deliver the criminal to the officers. The latter then started for the lower landing, but were preceded by the negroes, who, to the number of about 200, reached the landing before the officers.

The officers then claimed assistance from a party of some 300 Irish labourers employed on the railroad, and a regular pitched battle ensued, the negroes being put to flight and pursued by the labourers. Several of the former were knocked down with stones and severely injured.

Sneed, or Watson, was then taken from the boat, placed in a carriage by the officers and brought to Buffalo. $1,500 reward had been offered for the arrest of Sneed, who will be conveyed to Baltimore as soon as the necessary papers are received.

We shall probably hear more of this case hereafter. It is by no means improbable that the charge of murder was a mere ruse to get the fugitive into the hands of the officers.

The following paragraph, from the Wilmington, (N. C.) *Herald* illustrates the spirit of Slavery and shows what ideas of the liberty of speech prevail in the slave States. Huzza for the Union!

*Hustling an Abolitionist.*—An individual by the name of Jeffreys, for a short time a resident at Halifax, up the Road, rendered himself obnoxious, by the delivery of certain sentiments calculated to arouse the ire of Southern people. In short, he was voted an Abolitionist, and the community determined to get rid of him. So, a crowd collected, and politely escorted Mr. Jeffreys to the Depot for transportation to the more congenial North. He indicated a preference to remain, but on the arrival of the upward train, he was placed on board, and found himself *en route* for Weldon, amid the parting farewells of his fellow-citizens. "Good-bye, Jeffreys." "Farewell, old friend!" "Take care of yourself!" "Adieu, my friend!" "We like you pretty well, but you can't stay here." "Good-bye! Good-bye!" And away he went, baggage and all, as fast as steam could carry him to Weldon. Arriving there this victim of free opinion hastened to alight, and was warmly greeted by a number of equally kind friends, who conducted him, contrary to his choice, to the Petersburg train, and safely landing him in the cars, waved their adieus, as the traveller in spite of himself, shot past the village in hot haste for the Cockade city. "Good-bye, Jeffreys! Farewell, old fellow!" "A pleasant trip to you," shouted the crowd, and that was the last of the Abolitionist in those parts. Whether they passed him on in like manner at Petersburg, and so on to the region of false philanthropy, and fanaticism, we know not.

There is no doubt another side to the following story, which we copy from the St. Louis *Intelligencer*. It shows, however, that the friends of freedom in Chicago are wide awake to the movements of the slave-hunters:

*Row and Niggerism in Chicago.*—We learn that Capt. Calhoun, of Pittsburgh, who owned the steamboat Caroline, now plying on the Illinois River, and Capt. Burdeau, of the St. Paul steamer of this place, went a few days ago to Chicago, where they designed spending a few hours. Capt Calhoun had sold the steamer Caroline to parties living at Chicago, and was closing the trade therefor. Capt. Burdeau happened to meet and spoke to an acquaintance, who once lived in this city and who had, it is said, dealt in negroes. It was at once suspected that Capts. C. and B. were "negro catchers" from a slave State, and forthwith the Abolitionists and the Niggers were in arms. Captains Calhoun and Burdeau were posted in handbills—their hotel was beset—and Capt Calhoun becoming separated from his friends, received a blow from a negro with a rock.

These gentlemen found it inconvenient to remain in Chicago as they intended, and left without delay. Neither of them, we are informed, ever owned a negro, or ever had anything to do in trying to capture one.

The *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, the ably conducted organ of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, comes to us in an enlarged form and in a new typographical dress. We heartily congratulate our Western friends upon this evidence of their increasing vigour and prosperity. They have passed the Rubicon. The *Bugle* is now a fixed and permanent fact. No more will its friends call a halt to determine whether it shall live or die, for they have made up their minds, once for all, that it must live, and that *they* will support it, as long as the existence of Slavery shall make such a paper necessary. Friend Robinson has proved himself a "workman" with pen and scissors "that needeth not to be ashamed," and the typographical appearance of the paper is creditable to the skill of our old friend Hudson, the printer.

"Platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its Auxiliaries." pp. 36. Contains two platforms—one, the Constitution and Declaration of 1833, on which it was administered during the seven years of its efficiency—the other, an address by Mr. Garrison, delivered in Boston in May last, being his exposition of its policy, since 1840, of universal "rebuke."—*Independent.*

The object of this paragraph is plain enough, viz.: to produce the impression upon uninformed minds that the American Anti-Slavery Society, in getting rid of unfaithful servants in 1840, changed its platform and its organized policy. No accusation could be more false, and that the Society so regards it, it gives the best proof by publishing, side by side, the very documents which, according to the writer in the *Independent*, will show the alleged change.

The Whole World's Temperance Convention assembled on Thursday, but our form goes to press too early to permit any report of the proceedings this week.

Error in the Date.—By an error of the printer the date on the outside of this issue is August 3d. It should be September 3d.

## *TEMPERANCE.*

Ohio is wide awake on the Maine Law question, and the prospect of success grows brighter every day. Dr. Jewett, Neal Dow, Gen. Carey, and several others will traverse the State before the next election.

——In New Jersey the friends of a Prohibitory Law, as we learn from the Mount Holly *Mirror*, are industriously at work, and the principle involved will assume an importance in the coming contest, which must astonish many "old stagers" of the political parties. In several counties, large and respectacle Conventions have already been held, and a thorough organization effected—all of which gives evidence that there will be much greater excitement upon the subject and a larger Temperance vote poled this fall than in any previous contest.

—— At Columbus, Ohio, on the 24th ult., the Maine Law question was debated for seven hours, by Dr. Jewett in favour of, and G. J. Beebe against it. At the close a vote was taken, the friends of temperance going to one side and the rummies to the other. The result was that the *men* were pretty equally divided, while *all* the women voted in favour of the law. "Not one woman on the side of rum! do you hear, Messrs. Marsh, Chambers and Hewitt?" exclaims the *Tribune*. "We can't afford to send the women to the rear of the Temperance column just yet. Shame upon those who would silence many of the most earnest and effective voices that have yet been raised in behalf of Total Abstinence and the Maine Law!"

——A Correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* proposes the following amendments to the Maine Law:

1st. All contracts made for the purchase or sale of liquor (not to be used in manufactures or as medicine), to be void.

2d. All contracts, deeds or leases for the sale or occupation (other than Apothecaries shop) for the retail of spirituous liquor, to be void.

3d. The commissions of all executive and municipal officers to be forfeited if they fail to complain of offences prohibited by law.

4th. The estates of common drunkards, after trial by an examining jury, to be placed in the hands of trustees for the benefit of their families, till the drunkard shall, after similar trial by jury, be declared cured.

5th. Asylums for Drunkards to be established by law, and all common drunkards to be sent and kept there under medical treatment till cured.

——Fears have been expressed that the cause of Temperance would be seriously injured by the holding of two nearly simultaneous World's Conventions. The *Tribune* does not apprehend any such result. "Already," says that paper, "one very excellent result of this divergence or duality is realized in the interest manifested in the Temperance cause by sundry journals whose utterances in that behalf scarcely outnumber the objurgations of the beast of Balaam. Journals whose Editors delight in 'the flowing bowl,' paying their devotions thereto at every convenient opportunity, have shown during the pendency of these Conventions that their hatred of Bloomers surpasses in intensity their love of brandy, and that, if no other means will avail to stop the mouths of female advocates of Temperance, they will e'en resort in desperation to talking Temperance themselves. Now it is quite true that their essays are not so impressive as they would be if their readers fancied them in earnest; but they are still of some value, and we feel that it is right, following St. Paul's example, to 'rejoice' over the good they cannot fail to do in conveying truth into quarters where it was little known and much needed."

——Mr. Barnum was recently confronted, from an anonymous source, with this question: "Can you explain to this community what consistency there is in renting grog shops under the American Museum and in lecturing on Temperance?" The interrogator dated his communication at Chicago, and signed himself "A Temperance Man." Mr. Barnum answered him in the Chicago papers as follows:

*Answer.*—"None whatever!" On the contrary, such a course would be so ridiculously *inconsistent* that none but a jackass would believe that any man of half sense would "bite his own nose off," neutralize his influence, and proclaim himself to the world a knave and hypocrite, by doing such a thing. I do not own the American Museum building, and never did—I cannot get the control of its basement for several years. I have frequently and in vain offered large sums of money above the fair rent for said basement, in order that I might stop the sale of intoxicating drinks therein, and I never directly or indirectly "rented a grog shop" in New York or elsewhere. I hereby offer and promise to pay any person $1,000, who will prove that the charge contained in the above letter is true as far as I am concerned. P. T. Barnum.

——The following passage from a recent discourse by Theodore Parker is in his best vein:

I have stood at Regensburg on the Danube, and at Avignon, in what were once the torture chambers and dungeons of atheistic Popes. I have seen the instruments of torture and handled their racks—with what emotion judge you. But when I have looked on distilleries, on groggeries, and on rum shops, I have asked which did the most harm, the racks and gibbets and stretchers in Regensburg, the flaming fire at Avignon, or these modern torture chambers kept by men who yet did not wish to inflict the ruin they knew they wrought. I have remembered too, that a few years ago the city government of Boston (I suppose it was in irony), asked the chief Marshal to give such information as in his opinion was best calculated to check the progress of crime and intemperance, when there were 1500 torture chambers in Boston, 979 in full work every Christian Sabbath day.

What if the history of a distillery could be written out—so much rum for medicine of real value; so much for the arts, of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery. Then so much sold to the Indians, to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so much sent to the Heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean; and so much used at home. Then if the tale of every drop could be written out—so much pain, so much redness of eyes, so much diminution of productive power in man; so many houses burnt, ships foundered, and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many lives lost; so many widows made—doubly widows because their husbands still live; so many orphans—their fathers yet living, long dying on the earth—what a tale it would be! Imagine that all the persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague-spot came together and sat on ridge-pole and roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and the lanes all about it, and told their tales of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and foreheads. What a story it would be, the fact stranger than fiction!

## *MUCH IN LITTLE.*

Female Lecturers are becoming numerous, and what is better, the *quality* more than keeps pace with the quantity. A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes thus from Geneva:

There is a lady at this place lecturing on the subjects of Temperance and Woman's Rights, and though she is at present unknown to fame, we think that she is destined to have a vast influence on Moral Reform. She is well educated, has a keen mind, and is a most beautiful speaker. She is modest in her appearance, is perfectly at home in the Desk. This lady is Mrs. Lydia A. Jenkins, of Waterloo, Seneca Co.

——Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, as our readers have been informed, is pastor of the Congregational Church in South Butler, Wayne Co. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from that place, says:

On the 14th inst. I heard her deliver two highly interesting discourses, but the church edifice, being only of the ordinary size of our country churches, is not of sufficient magnitude to seat one-third of the people who usually come to listen to her eloquent expositions of the Scriptures. Last Sabbath morning the desk was occupied by the Rev. Miss Pellet, of Syracuse (or near there), who delivered an excellent discourse from the first 12 verses of the 3d chapter of Matthew.

——The editorial correspondent of the *Dedham Democrat*, speaking of Yeadon's speech at the Plymouth celebration, and of that rich paragraph touching Mr. Everett's musket-shouldering patriotism, says:

It is said that when the Webster Whigs found what manner of eulogist they had chosen, they resembled a pic-nic party suddenly thrown from a light wagon into the middle of a nettle-bed. Mr. Everett in particular appeared to wish he had 'that musket' by him, in order that he might then and there present it to South Carolina, muzzle foremost. The only consolation which any calm observer could give the new aspirant for the Presidency, under such circumstances, would be that which Junius long ago suggested to his victim—'If Sir William Draper's bed be a bed of torture, he has made it for himself.'

——Rev. Dr. Hawkes and his associates on the New York Committee for the relief of the sick and poor of New Orleans refused to to ask aid through the *Tribune* for the victims of yellow fever, lest the Anti-Slavery character of that paper should defile the donations. "In pleasing contrast to such fanaticism," the Philadelphia *Register* mentions "the recent conduct of the school Directors of the Fourth District of New Orleans. At their meeting on the 18th ult. a charge of Abolitionism was preferred before them against two Yankee ladies, the principal and assistant in one of the Common Schools. The accuser was a respectable merchant of 28 years standing, and, we may suppose, a musty old fogy bent on 'saving the Union.' The Directors disregarded the charge, and re-elected the ladies to their posts."

——A correspondent of the *Times* sends to that paper the following passage of a letter recently written by Miss Bremer:

"My chief occupation, life and delight for a long time, has been to live over again the days I spent in America with my dear friends there in the North, the South, the West; and in writing over again the letters which I wrote from their homes to my home in Sweden. I have been engaged since last Spring with that work, but little did I anticipate its magnitude to me at the beginning. It will be a large work in size, and perhaps too large for many an impatient reader. During all this time, I have been as if magnetized by the Western World, obeying the will of its spirit in what I have said and written. I think that in no work of mine I have been so divested of self-will as in this, and only following the dictates of the genius of the land and people, whose realms have been so grand to me. My work is now approaching its close. In the course of the Summer it will come to you."

——Bishop Potter, in his address before the Educational Convention at Pittsburgh, made the following allusion to the Rev. Mr. Abbott's efforts to whitewash the character of Napoleon in *Harper's Magazine*:

The speaker went on to treat of the importance of books conveying right moral influences. A series of articles are now being published, he continued, in one of the popular periodicals of the day, said to be written by a clergyman. I hope, for the honour of the profession, this is not true. These articles throw a halo of glory around the character of a selfish, ambitious, and bloody man. They make him out kind, benevolent, and almost everything that is good—making his crimes virtues, because developed upon such an enormous scale. Now if a man *lies*, it is our duty, if we speak of him historically, to *say he lies*. Away with literature that would make a paragon of excellence out of a monster!

——The mad-dog cry of "infidelity" is as good in the mouth of a rum-seller as in that of a pro-slavery parson. So at least thinks the Boston *Chronicle*, the organ of the liquor-dealers of that city. The *Commonwealth* treats the accusation very properly thus:

The *Chronicle* has made a startling discovery. It learns from a "looker on," that to advocate moral reforms is to inculcate or encourage infidelity, and "the evangelical portion of the memorialists for the execution of the Maine Law" in this city, are duly warned to beware. This is kind of the *Chronicle*. Its Christian solicitude will be observed and spoken of. If we understand the matter, the infidelity is circulated much as the panderers to drunkenness circulate liquor in sugar drops. A conclusive proof of the infidelity of moral reforms, we are told, is the fact that "every Universalist clergyman in Boston, and nearly every one out of Boston, is a noisy brawler in favour of the Maine Law."

Isn't this very terrible? The evangelical temperance men will pause immediately, and Dr. Beecher in his old age must become an advocate, and perhaps a customer, of those most holy institutions of Christianity and bulwarks of pure religion, the grog shops. He must see to it that the Christian religion instantly takes to swimming and bathing in the Black Sea, for its health.

——The Germans in the United States have heretofore stood very much aloof from radical reforms. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, however, gives an account of a meeting recently held in that city, which would seem to indicate that this class are at length coming out on a better platform. The meeting was the largest ever assembled within doors in that city. The *Commercial* says:

It was attended by German citizens of all parties, and embraced nearly all the influential men of that class of our fellow-citizens. The proceedings were had in the German language. The meeting was called for the promotion of general reforms, and was characterized by the utmost harmony and enthusiasm. They passed a series of resolutions, in which the sense of the German electors is expressed as for radical reform in politics, regardless of party organizations.

The most uncompromising hostility to the further extension of Human Slavery in the United States. All attempts to re-enact the "Maine Liquor Law," in Ohio, denounced as unwise and fanatical. Jesuits, Jesuitical institutions and Jesuitical influences are discountenanced, denounced as prejudicial to the growth of Republican institutions and the best interests of society. It is warmly recommended that the German-speaking and the English-speaking electors of Hamilton County coalesce and fraternise for the furtherance of these general reforms, and for the more thorough blending of the two populations.

——Our Fashionable Hotels, if we may believe the testimony of one of our Southern brethren as given in the *Fairfield* (S. C.) *Herald*, are not exactly what they are "cracked up to be."

I would be doing great injustice to the travelling community, were I to omit to mention the luxury of stopping at one of these great New York Hotels. Let the "Astor" (my head quarters) answer as a specimen. Suffice it to say, what are recognized this season as comfortable quarters, is a cot, perhaps with a bed-fellow from Canada or California (it matters not to the proprietor) from six to eight in a room, no cause to complain, thankful for small favours and three dollars a day, without extras! At dinner a Bill of fare half as long as the table, with all the products of the two hemispheres (in print I mean) but with far a more bountiful display of Brittania and glass, than anything else, here and there a 6 ⋈ 8 dish, with a whole spoonfull of cold snaps; now and then a few mottled Yankee potatoes, some half ripe tomatos, as a desert, with a superabundant sprinkling of green corn, cobs and all, more like feeding time with a Kentucky horse drover, than anything else I have ever been reminded of; now and then a cold, pale face fish, which looked like the tide had thrown it ashore, to be baked by the sunshine, a round of beef that was well treated by the cook, for he had certainly forgotten to "hual it over the coals." No rice, no hominey, no corn bread—No, no, nothing Southern by any means—I really believe their salt is imported from Cape Cod, for Turks Island, could never save them from their parsimony and meanness.

## *POLITICS.*

The Free Democracy of New Hampshire held a grand mass meeting at Welfborough last week, Hon. Amos Tuck in the chair. John P. Hale was present and a prominent speaker. The party in New Hampshire are anxious that he should retain his residence in that State, in order that they may return him to the United States Senate.

——The Independent Democracy of this city held a spirited meeting at the Chinese Assembly Rooms on Monday evening; Mr. D. D. T. Marshall in the chair, G. W. Rose and E. A. Stansbury, Secretaries. Dr. Snodgrass, formerly of Baltimore, being called out, made a stirring address, and was followed by John Jay, Esq, E. A. Stansbury, Esq., and Mr. J. B. Taft. Mr. Stansbury spoke of Mr Garrison in terms of generous appreciation. The following persons were appointed delegates to the State Convention: John Jay, Dr. Alonzo S. Ball, John P. Hale, Dr. Thomas Ritter, C. B. Le Baron, Monroe B. Bryant, George W. Rose, Joshua Leavitt, Dennis Harris, Rev. Dr. J. W. C. Pennington, Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, J. B. Taft, William B. Smith, Charles R. Miller, Charles Sholey, and J. Banker McDonnell.

——The following dispatch appears in the *Tribune* of Tuesday. We see no reason to doubt its truth.

Col. Benton is indulging an unamiable spirit towards the Administration. A gentleman asked him if he often visited the White House? He replied with Bentonian emphasis, '*No, sir*—NO, SIR, I never go to the buzzard's roost."

The Secretary of the Interior sent a message to him to inform him that there was a Register of the Land Office to be appointed in the St. Louis Congressional District, and requested him to furnish the Department with the name of a person to fill the vacant office. "Old Ingot" said, "I have no name to present, and were I to live to be as old as Methuselah, and this Administration should exist so long, I would have no favour to ask of it." The messenger then said, "Colonel, I will inform the Secretary that you have no name to offer."

"No, sir," said the venerable, but now indignant, Bullionist, "carry my answer, sir, in my own precise language, sir."

The departed "Sage of Monticello," in his notes on Virginia, says—"It is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see the National Bridge." Should Ex-Governor Francis Thomas, of Maryland, be elected to the House of Representatives, there are many who believe that to be a listener, a spectator of the scene of a war of words—an intellectual recontre between the famed Missourian and Marylander—would repay a journey from Eastport, Boston, or New York, to Washington.

Qui Vive.

## *ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS*

——J. E. Burr, who was formerly confined in the Missouri penitentiary for aiding slaves to escape, is now lecturing and distributing books on American Slavery in Iowa. So we learn from the Iowa *True Democrat*. One of his meetings, held in a Court House in Louisa Co., was dispersed by a mob.

——The *Columbian* (published at Columbus, O.,) says the excitement growing out of Freeman's case at Indianapolis, is doing a good work for humanity. A gentleman recently from Indiana says that "this case is exciting a powerful influence for the Anti-Slavery cause among the people of that State. No amount of lecturing could equal the effect of the recital of the simple *facts* of this case."

——There are some cheering signs of the progress of Anti-Slavery principles at the South. The *Louisville Journal* is publishing a series of able and searching articles on the subject of Slavery and urging its speedy Abolition in Kentucky, to become an example and starting point for the general emancipation of the South. That paper now makes the following bold and noble declaration:

"Slavery *is a crime, a wrong, and an unholy thing*, and now is the moment for all to unite their energies *to abolish it* by a wise and gradual, but *effectual* emancipation."

## *FOREIGN.*

The *America* at Boston brings advices from Liverpool to the 20th ult. The news is not important, the difficulty between Russia and Turkey, though unadjusted, not seeming likely at present to produce war.

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

The Select Committee of the British Parliament had published their report on the slave trade treaty. It is a very long and important document. Its substance is, that Britain possessed, in 1850, 24 treaties with civilized powers to suppress the trade; of these, ten give Britain a right of search and mixed courts; twelve give the right of search and national tribunals; and two—the United States and France—refuse the right of search, but agree to maintain a squadron off the African Coast.

Britain had also 42 treaties with African Chiefs and Princes. Since the above date she had terminated two more with civilized Governments and 23 with Africans, making an aggregate of 89 treaties to suppress the trade. The Committee report that the trade would soon be extinguished if the Cuban market was closed, and think the present time favourable for the joint efforts of Britain, France and the United States, to stop it on the Cuban coast.

Brazil is exonerated from blame. Portugal is charged with conniving at the traffic on the Mozambique Coast, and the Committee say that history does not record a more decided breach of national honour, than is established against Spain, and it is a matter of great surprise, while Spain is at this time indebted to England and France for their efforts to form a tripartite Convention with the United States to protect Cuba from piratical attacks, the Government of Spain should not take warning from the fact that one of the reasons alleged by the United States for not joining that Convention is the continuance of the slave trade in the island.

The report does not say what is to be done, but adds from the abuse of the American flag trading to Havana, a more cordial co-operation on the part of the United States would materially assist the efforts to abolish the trade in that quarter.

## DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

*NO. CXXXI.*

The Argument.—*The Correspondent is Meteorological and praiseth the Summer—He maketh a suggestion and showeth considerable Reading—He quoteth and alludeth—He giveth an account of the assault of the Coloured People on the General Court and on the Convention—Also of how they were routed and the Union saved—His opinion of White Magnanimity—He criticizeth Commodore Hull and giveth the devils their due—He approveth of Mr. Keyes's suggestion and promiseth to it his Gubernatorial countenance—He telleth of the attack of the Women on the Convention—He is Non-Committal—But hinteth an opinion on the privilege of coat and westcoat to lecture petticoat, &c. &c.*

Boston, Aug. 30, 1853.

But one day more of Summer! And a fine Summer it has been. It began in due season and has lasted with very creditable perseverance unto this day. This is by no means the established habit of our Summers, as you very well know. They are very apt to cut off a large slice at the beginning and another at the end, so as to leave the *frustum* in the middle sadly cheated of its fair proportions. I think I could suggest an improvement in our seasons, as Alphonso the Wise, of Castiel, thought he could have given the Creator a hint or two had he been consulted at the beginning of the world. I think that three weeks prefixed to our present allowance by way of preface, and as much more annexed by way of appendix, would make it about what it should be. I don't object to our winters, they are very well in their way; but they should be made to know their place. Nothing can be more impertinent than to have

"——hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,"

as is too apt to be the case. So that if it should ever be entirely convenient to the angels who, we are told by Mr. John Milton, were once

"——bid turn askance
The pole of the earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle,"

if they could make it convenient, I say, to turn it back again just enough to meet these moderate demands, it would be considered by me as a personal obligation. But this year the weather has behaved extremely well. We have had no reason, like the landlord on the York road, Walter Scott tells of, "to be absolutely ashamed of it!" The frequent and plentiful rains have kept the country in high beauty of grass and foliage, so that it need not blush to look even England in the face. At any rate, it has performed the office Dr. Johnson thought the weather was properly fitted for and made a beginning of conversation. It has helped me handsomely through my first paragraph, and one should always speak well of the bridge that takes him safe over.

I remember I told you at the end of my last letter, that I would tell you about the discussion of the Coloured Training Question and of the Woman Question, in our Constitutional Convention. And as I have absolutely nothing to say, as nothing would persist in happening ever since then, I may as well redeem my promise now as at any time. A number of coloured men, it seems, inspired with martial ardour, were desirous of forming a Volunteer Company, for the sake of giving it form and expression. They applied to the General Court at its last session, and were refused, on the ground, I believe, that it was contrary to the laws of the United States. At any rate, the application was rejected. Nothing daunted, they repaired to the Sovereign People (in little,) in Convention assembled, and asked to have a Clause put into the Constitution which should destroy the monopoly in cock's tails and "*swaller-tailed* coats," now enjoyed by the "white trash," who kept poor Tom Sims from making minced meat of this Glorious Union. This, however, was harrowing to the sensibilities of the tender lovers of the Union. They "shuddered at the gross idea" (as the Princess Huncamunca in the Tragedy of Tom Thumb, the Great, did at that of "a Man,") of allowing black men to marry themselves to Brown Bess when the August Laws of the United States forbid the banns to any but white ones. The Hon. Benjamin F. Hallett nearly "thawed and resolved himself into a dew," at the bare imagination of such a horror. So strong was the apprehension under which the Convention laboured as to the conflict into which this action would bring them with their Uncle Samuel, that even the Hon. Edward L. Keyes, the leading Free Soil Orator, felt himself obliged to acknowledge that he had intended that day buying a *pop-gun* for a very small child, and he wished the sense of the Convention as to whether it conflicted with the rights of the National Government. However that might be, we were spared the agony of the other Collision (compared to which the worst between Railway Trains were a trifle light as air), and the impending crash has been adjourned for the present.

Now, whatever people may think of the wisdom of this application of the Coloured Citizens, I think there ought to be no difference of opinion as to the meanness of the white ones in refusing it. When there has been any actual fighting to do, the magnanimous Yankee Nation has never been too proud to let coloured men fight their battles by sea and land. Witness the black Regiments of the Revolution and of the War of 1812. I remember hearing Commodore Hull once say that no men fought better than the black sailors in the sea-fights—"they fought like devils," he said. This was, perhaps, not a correct comparison, for the gentleman whom I have quoted in my first paragraph, tells us that the devils have too much sense to do anything so absurd;

"——devil with devil damned
From concord holds;" &c.

but it was the one he used. And so, I hold, that as the free and enlightened Americans are well content to let their coloured countrymen have their full share of the foul-weather soldiering, they should, in common decency, let them have their *modicum* of playing at soldiers in fair-weather and on holidays. Indeed, Mr. Keyes made a profound suggestion which, if acted on, might reconcile all the discrepancies of opinion. He thought that, inasmuch as Massachusetts was bound by the laws of the United States and hindered from allowing black men to train, because they are, in the last resort, subject to those laws and to the orders of the President as Commander in Chief of the Militia, he thought, I say, that this made it proper for Massachusetts to enrol her coloured citizens on her own account, as the only troops over which she could have exclusive command! I entirely concur in this view of the case, and it shall be one of the most prominent suggestions of my first Message (or Address, or whatever it is) as Governor, when I shall achieve that dignity by the Grace of the Hon. Horace Mann, and through the indefatigable efforts of my enthusiastic constituents. In the meantime, the Petitioners sent in a Protest against this denial of their rights, as they conceived them, as citizens. The Convention, at first, received and ordered it to be entered on the Journal. But, in the course of the night session, Mr. Hallett succeeded in adding to his other deeds of darkness the reconsideration and *squelching* of the same.

The women also approached the Convention, asking that the word "male" might be stricken out of the Constitution wherever it occurs, and also that they might be allowed to vote on the adoption thereof. This was discussed before the Committee by Lucy Stone, Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, Theodore Parker, and others; and also in the Body at some length, where the demand was maintained by Messrs. Wm. B. Greene, Rodney French, D. S. Whitney, and perhaps others. Of course, it was denied; but the reason was rather a funny one. It was that women enough hadn't asked for it! They made the request as a matter of absolute right, and were told that they were a minority of the women of the State! As if numbers had anything to do with the matter. I do not commit myself to any opinion on this subject, you will observe; only I think they were entitled to be answered by an *argument* and not by *a fact*. I have no objection to defining my position to this extent, however, that my notion of Women's Rights is, that Women are the Judges of what their Rights and Duties are, and not any man or body of men. It stirs my bile, I must confess, though the most amiable of men, to see a self-complacent citizen, be he minister or layman—whether it be the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams in his Pastoral Letter, or the Hon. Horace Mann in his Two Lectures—holding forth *ex cathedra*, in virtue of his coat and waistcoat, on the Sphere and Duties of Women, as if they were not quite as competent to settle it for themselves! How would they like to be lectured in the same way themselves? I wish some of the writing ladies would try it. What should you say to "The Appropriate Sphere of Man. By Paulina W. Davis;" or, "A Few Thoughts on the Powers and Duties of Man. By Lucy Stone;" or, "Sermons to Young Men. By Antoinette Brown." I think it would do uncommonly well, and the doctrine would be quite as edifyingly divided as by any of the Woman-menders.

Speaking of the Hon. Horace Mann, reminds me that, for a child somewhat burnt on a late occasion, he doth not display that fear of the fire which would justify the old proverb on that point. He can't keep his fingers off Mr. Phillips, after all the experience he has had. In a Note to his Lectures on the Powers and Duties of Woman (pp. 125–6), he complains that Mr. Phillips said of him, in a Woman's Rights Speech, that he doubts not that the stand Mr. Mann would take in these lectures would be the one "*he has always done*, that she should be book-taught for some dozen years, *and then retire to domestic life*." He affirms that there never was the slightest foundation for these Italicised representations. And adds, "*The whole statement, on his part, is a sheer fabrication.*" And yet in the text, *on the very same page* (p. 126) he admits that he "debars woman not only from the honourable scars and blood-stained laurels of war, but from all the Olympic games of politics, the rank and emoluments of office, and the high dignities of statesmanship!" And then he goes on to show that Woman has room enough in what common people would consider "domestic life," as "distinguished from "public life." Thus substantiating Mr. Phillips's statement in the very breath with which he denies it. Mr. Phillips holds, as I understand it, that women are as well qualified by Nature for Public Life as men are, while Mr. Mann thinks they are not. Mr. Phillips said Mr. Mann would say so. And so he has. I really don't see Mr. Mann's ground of complaint. I think it not unlikely, now, that Mr. Mann really did not know that he was *licked* in his set-to with Mr. Phillips in the Anti-Slavery Ring, when he doesn't seem to know whereabouts he stands in so simple a case as this.—D. Q.

## *SUMMARY.*

Mrs. Otto Goldsmidt (Jenny Lind) was, at last accounts, receiving the congratulations of her friends on a recent addition to her family.

Comstock, the conductor of the train in the Norwalk disaster, has been tried for manslaughter and acquitted.

Bayard Taylor, the intrepid foreign traveller of the New York *Tribune*, has joined Com. Perry's Japan Expedition, and has been assigned the place of an artist on board the Susquehanna, with the rank of Master's Mate.

A faithful body servant of the late Vice-President King, it is said, is now living at Washington. He was set free by Mr. King, who also gave him £2,000 and his gold watch, for the faithful manner in which he served him.

President Pierce.—The honourary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, by the Norwich University, Vermont, at its late commencement. General Pierce is one of the trustees of the University.

The Maysville *Express* names the Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for Speaker of the next House of Representatives of the United States. The same journal, alluding to the fact that Ashland, the late residence of Henry Clay, is for sale, proposes that the Democracy of Kentucky purchase it and present it to Mr. Breckenridge.

We are gratified in seeing it stated in a Washington paper, that perhaps there never was a time before when so great difficulty existed in inducing men to enlist in the army of the United States; which is wholly attributable to the gratifying condition of things in the way of plenty for everybody who will work, and at excellent prices, too.

Sentenced for Kidnapping.—Solomon Fisher and Joseph Smith (both coloured), found guilty at Columbia, of kidnapping Thomas Stanton from that place, were each sentenced on Saturday last to pay a fine of $500, and the costs of prosecution, and undergo an imprisonment of six years in the Lancaster County (Pa.) prison.

An Ox that gives Milk!—Mr. James Thorn, of Clinton, has an ox that has a bag with four teats, each of which yields milk like the cow. The bag is divided into four sections, but has no udder. Each quarter of the bag has a cavity, which supplies its teat independent of the others. When milked out it is readily supplied again, like that of the cow. The animal, which is a fine one, is working every day on the farm of Mr. T.—*Poughkeepsie American.*

Ready Made Houses.—At Chicago you can buy a house in all its parts, framing timber, shingles, doors, window-sash, shutters, flooring, all planed, tongued, grooved, numbered, and ready to be put up upon the prairies to which the many railroads will convey it, so that the farmer from those wide extended plains may come in one day, buy his house complete, and take it out next, and with the assistance of his neighbours, put it up within a week.

Giraffes.—There are now exhibited at the Chinese Buildings, in Broadway, two living giraffes, which have recently been imported from Africa, at great expense. Several years since a pair was brought to this country which did not long survive. They were also inferior in size to those now exhibited. One of these is 17 feet in height, and the other 15. They are very beautiful animals, exceedingly graceful in appearance, and altogether a great curiosity in natural history.

We know an honest blacksmith, in this city, who clears his ten dollars a day on an average, while one of his near neighbours is starving on a profession. A very mischievous thing is pride. We knew a lady who a dozen years ago could not "endure the thought" of her sons' working at a trade. One of the young gents is now officiating in the capacity of quartermaster-general to a strolling music-grinder, while the other is foreman of an institution for blacking boots.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

The Best Post Office Joke yet out.—The *Chautauque Democrat* tells a pretty good story concerning the Post Office at Westfield in that county: "A letter was put into the box, the appearance of which denoted that the writer was unaccustomed to the use of stamps, and had failed to make one stick at all. He had tried, and vainly tried, but the inveterate portrait of Benj. Franklin would curl up. At last, in despair, he *pinned* it to the envelope, and wrote just under it—"Paid, *if the plaguey thing sticks!*"

We understand that Mr. Dickenson Gorsuch, a son of him who fell at Christiana, and one of the actors in that unfortunate affray; together with his uncle, Mr. George Gorsuch, visited our County Prison last Wednesday morning, in order to ascertain if Thomas Slyder, recently convicted of the murder of Peter Cork, was one of the Gorsuch slaves. Upon an inspection, they pronounced him none of theirs. Perhaps, had the fact been otherwise, we should, in place of this notice, had occasion to announce Slyder's pardon by Gov. Bigler.—*West Chester Register.*

Mr. M. R. Delany, of Pittsburg, an active coloured Free Democrat of Western Pennsylvania, has recently put forth an able treatise on the origin and objects of Freemasonry, its introduction into the United States, and legitimacy amongst coloured men—a copy of which he has had the kindness to send us. As a literary performance, it is proof positive that *brains* are legitimate amongst coloured men, whether Masonry is or not. Mrs. Swisshelm, in noticing the work, characteristically remarks that "the only *secret* society we approve or like is the Underground Railroad Company."

Photographs on Wood.—Photographic drawings on wood have lately been successfully produced in Manchester, England. Beautiful pictures of buildings, and perfect portraits of individuals, have been drawn by sun light upon smooth blocks of boxwood, such as are ordinarily used by wood engravers. This discovery will be of invaluable service to the latter art, as it will save the expense of employing draughtsmen to mark the blocks previous to engraving. Drafts of complicated machinery in perspective and other difficult sketches, which required much time, expense, and skill in the preparation of blocks for engraving, can now be produced in a moment with the light of the sun.

Smallest Steam Engine in the World.—Mr. Benjamin J. Warner, the London watch manufacturer, has sent to this country for exhibition at the World's Fair, the working models of two steam engines. We infer from notices of them in some of the London Papers, that they will be the most curious specimens of minute workmanship exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The smallest one, an oscillating cylinder engine, stands upon an English fourpenny piece (size of a half dime), with room to spare! The cylinder is but one-sixth of an inch in diameter, the length of stroke three-eighths, and diameter of the piston is that of an ordinary needle. The length of the stand is three and a quarter inches, diameter of cylinder three-eighths of an inch, and the length of the stroke seven-eighths of an inch. Both of these engines are screwed together with the delicacy and precision of a watch.—*Evening Post.*

A Discovery.—A certain deacon in one of our Massachusetts towns, who was a very zealous advocate for the cause of temperance, some years since, one hot summer's day employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlour. In repairing a corner of the mop-board near the fire-place, it was found necessary to remove the fire-board; when, lo, a "mare's nest" was brought to light, which astonished the workman most marvellously. A brace of decanters, sundry junk bottles—all containing "something to take," a pitcher and tumblers, were cosily reposing there in snug quarters. The joiner, with wonder stricken countenance, ran to the proprietor with the intelligence. "Well, I declare," exclaimed the deacon, "that is curious, surely. It must be that old Capt. B. left those things there when he occupied the premises about *thirty* years since." "*Perhaps* he did," returned the discoverer, "but, deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well congealed to have remained solid so long a-time!"

Women in the Fields.—An American student writes from Hanover to the Boston *Journal*: "You see here quite as many women at work hoeing, reaping, ploughing, &c., as men. They look strong and hardy—are generally barefoot, but sometimes have quite a comely appearance—their arms, of course, being bronzed in the sun. Every evening I meet many of them returning from the fields, with their hoes and baskets swung over their shoulders. This is by no means as bad as it looks. The women often work with their husbands, and doubtless enjoy it, simple peasants as they are, though sometimes they are ill-treated. For example, you may sometimes see a man and woman in a field, the *woman* digging the holes in the ground, and the *man* dropping in the potatoes. It is a characteristic of the women here to be much more in the open air than the Americans, and that too without bonnet or cap."

The Insurrection at Tortola.—The St. Thomas papers contain the particulars of the late insurrection at Tortola. Many people were killed, stores were broken open, the arsenal attacked, and the laws set at complete defiance by an enraged and excited multitude. *There were no negroes connected with the movement.* The primary cause was the endeavour of the government officers to collect an additional tax of twelve cents a head upon cattle, in order to raise a fund for poor law purposes. The law was obnoxious to the people, and the law was resisted by an appeal to arms. The country people offered to pay their old tax upon cattle, which was refused. A trouble ensued, and several of the countrymen were arrested and confined. Their brethren demanded their release of the Governor, which, not being accorded, they broke open the jail and let out all the prisoners. They made preparations to burn the town, and seized upon the arsenal, and committed other offences. A force from the Danish Islands of St. Croix and St. Thomas had been sent to assist in quelling the disturbance.

Negro Fight in Delaware.—The Delaware *Reporter* of the 9th inst. says:—For many years it has been the custom in this State of granting to the negroes the Saturday following the first Thursday in August as a universal holiday, and their place of assembling has been the bathing ground on the bay. On that day the whites gave up to them the bathing grounds. In accordance with this old custom, on Saturday last some three or four thousand negroes congregated at Kitt's Hammock. There were also present at the hotel some five hundred or a thousand white persons. The day had not been far gone before the negroes, influenced by rum and excitement, commenced fighting. Many were beaten horribly, some were stripped, ears, noses, and lips were bitten off, and several of the whites came in for their share of the blows.

[If a scene like the above had occurred among the blacks in a *free* State, our Southern friends would have set it down as an illustration of the bad effects of giving negroes their freedom.]

Threatened Insurrection in Nottoway County.—We learn from Captain Sims that considerable excitement exists in the county of Nottoway relative to a contemplated insurrection, founded, as is generally believed, upon strong circumstances. A note from a highly respectable gentleman of that county to Captain Sims, says, "The insurrectionary movements of the negroes are such as to excite strong suspicion. The way to prevent the bloody tragedy contemplated is to be prepared to meet it. The plan of operations seems to be, for each family of negroes to destroy the whites belonging to his family. A word to the wise is sufficient." We can scarcely believe that the negroes are so utterly blind to their own weakness as to attempt to carry into operation a scheme which would be so sure to end in their utter annihilation, but there may be truth in the rumour, notwithstanding our doubts.—*Richmond Mail, August 22.*

An Astonishing Youth.—The *Cincinnati Gazette* says that William Marcey, a coloured boy from Kentucky, who was in that city last week, can add up columns of figures any length, divide any given sum, multiply millions by thousands within *five minutes* from the time the figures are given him, and with such exactness as to render it truly wonderful. On Friday, in the presence of a party of gentlemen, he added a column of figures, *eight* in a line, and *one hundred and eighty* lines, making the sum total of several millions, in about *six minutes*. The feat was so astounding, and apparently incredible, that several of the party took off their coats, and, dividing the sum, went to work, and in two hours after they commenced produced identically the same answer. The boy is not quite seventeen years of age; he cannot read nor write, and in every other branch of an English education is entirely deficient. He started on Saturday for the World's Fair.

The old political platforms having been spit on and kicked to pieces, as they generally deserved, we may now look for the erection of new ones with fresh timber. The following, from an address to the electors of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, is a specimen of a sort which seems to be getting fashionable:

"Men of all parties, who desire so to shape their political action as to promote the best interests of the country; who are opposed to the extension of Slavery—to the Fugitive Act of 1850—who are in favour of divorcing the general Government from all connection with Slavery, where it can be done constitutionally; of the freedom of the national domain to actual settlers, in limited quantities; and in State matters, all who desire a more upright and economical administration of Government—the taxing alike of the property of individuals and corporations according to its real value; and who seek the suppression of the evils of Intemperance by the enactment of the essential principles of the 'Maine Law.'"

—There are one or two planks here—such as the Maine Law—which are rather unpleasant to politicians of the ancient schools, but it looks as though they would have to come to it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Daily Register in Virginia.—While the *Charleston Evening News*, which never saw our paper, permits a business rival, over the signature of "Northern men with Southern principles," to attack us in its columns, and menace our advertisers, the *News* of Fredericksburg, Virginia, which knows whereof it affirms, recommends the *Register*, in its number of August 10th, to Virginians who need a Philadelphia newspaper. The difference is attributable to this: that the article in the Charleston paper was written by a spiteful creature, who had never been south of Mason and Dixon's line; while the one in the Fredericksburg paper is from the pen of a whole-souled Virginian, who respects a free State editor, that does not make a toady of himself. Here is the paragraph from our Virginia contemporary:

"The *Daily Register*, published in Philadelphia, 'a Commercial, Literary and Political paper, independent on all subjects and neutral on none,' comes to us in an enlarged sheet, and promises to 'go on as it has begun.' We are sure its readers can require no stronger assurance that it will be ably conducted. It is an admirable compendium of news, and its editorials are always forcible and sparkling. During a recent protracted visit to the 'City of Brotherly Love' there was no paper we read with more interest and satisfaction. We commend it to all who may need a Philadelphia newspaper."—*Phil. Register.*

South Carolina Police.—Col. Perry, editor of the Greenville (S. C.) *Patriot*, writes from Washington: "On board the Wilmington steamer, a servant came to me, whilst engaged in reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and told me the captain desired me to present my ticket. I obeyed his order, and presented myself before the captain. He inquired my name, which I gave him, with my ticket purchased at Weldon. He then asked my age. I replied, that it was none of his business. He insisted, and said that he had to report every passenger to the City Council of Charleston, with their age, residence, and place of birth, under a penalty of one thousand dollars; and moreover, he had to forfeit that amount if any of the passengers became paupers within twelve months. 'Well, my good fellow,' says I, 'you are in a bad box if that is your situation; for I fear one-half of them are paupers already. You are a ruined man, sir, and your company is bankrupt even now. It would be well to 'bout your steamer and put back to Wilmington.'"

This inquisition, says the Raleigh (N. C.) *Register*, complained of by one of the chivalry, must be laid to the door of his own State. It is a part of that system of Chinese exclusion, which seeks to reduce everything to the level of her institutions, and, under the pretence of State security, to pry into the private business and motives of every traveller.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Strange Sight—Seventy Swarms of Bees at War.—Ezra Dibble, a well-known citizen of this town, and for many years engaged extensively in the management of bees, communicates to us the following interesting particulars of a battle among his bees. He has seventy swarms of bees, about equally divided on the east and west sides of his house. On Sunday, August 14, about three o'clock, the weather being warm, and the windows open, his house was suddenly filled with bees, which forced the family to flee at once to the neighbours. Mr. D., after getting well protected against his assailants, proceeded to take a survey, and, if possible, learn the cause which had disturbed them. The seventy swarms appeared to be out, and those on one side of the house were arrayed in battle against those on the other side; and such a battle was perhaps never before witnessed. They filled the air, covering a space of more than one acre of ground, and fought desperately for some three hours—not for "spoils," but for conquest; and while at war no living thing could exist in the vicinity. They stung a large flock of Shanghai chickens, nearly all of which died, and persons passing along the road side were obliged to make haste to avoid their sting. A little after six o'clock quiet was restored, and the living bees returned to their hives, leaving the slain almost literally covering the ground, since which but few have appeared around the hives, and those apparently stationed as sentinels to watch the enemy. But two young swarms were entirely destroyed, and aside from the terrible slaughter of bees no other injury was done. Neither party was victorious, and they only ceased on the approach of night, and from utter prostration. The occasion of this strange warring among the bees is not easily accounted for; and those most conversant with their management never before witnessed or heard of such a spectacle as here narrated.—*Connaut (Ohio) Reporter.*

Ashland for Sale.—Ashland, late the residence of the Honourable Henry Clay, is offered for sale. It will be exposed at public auction on the 20th of September, and will be knocked down to the highest bidder. It will not, we fancy, command a very high price, though the soil is most exuberant.

Mr. Clay's villa, which he chose to call Ashland, is within the municipal limits of the city of Lexington, Kentucky; and Lexington is the shire town of the county of Fayette, and the seat of justice for that county. It was originally laid out in the shape of a circle, and was, until almost thirty years ago, one of the most flourishing and beautiful places in Kentucky. Within its limits is a college, dignified by the title of Transylvania University, a court house, a jail, some six or eight churches, a theatre, sundry academies and schools, and some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. It is a beautiful town; and, but for its inland location, would long since have eclipsed every other town in Kentucky. It is now rapidly sinking into decay; and, after a lapse of fifty years, will probably be known only by its name.

Ashland, is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world. It was originally owned by the celebrated Daniel Boone, who erected, in its vicinity, a stockade, where he deposited his family, whilst he went out to fight the Indians. It afterwards passed into the hands of Colonel Hart; and, after it had been enjoyed by a dozen others, fell into the hands of Mr. Clay, through his wife, who was originally Miss Susan Hart.

Ashland is a good farm; but, by no means, a profitable one. Mr. Clay was rather a theoretical, than a practical farmer. His lands, even when in the highest state of culture, and amid the most prosperous seasons, never yielded revenue sufficient to pay half of the incidental expenses. It will not bring, at auction, even one hundred dollars the acre, though it is worth three times that amount of money, to any practical and industrious farmer. On the estate, there are some one hundred or one hundred and fifty negro slaves, who will be sold after the lands are disposed of.—*New York Mirror.*

## SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that a semi-annual meeting of the Society will be held at SYRACUSE, N. Y., in Wieting's Hall, on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29th and 30th. As this is designed for the special accommodation of our Western coadjutors, as well as for the furtherance of our cause generally, it is hoped that a full representation will be present, in the spirit and with the zeal of primitive Abolitionism. Every effort will be made by the friends in Syracuse to give a hospitable reception, as far as practicable, to those who may come from a distance. There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers. The first meeting of the series will be held on Thursday, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, President.

Edmund Quincy, S. H. Gay, } Secretaries.

## JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

*At Syracuse, October 1, 1853—Second Anniversary.*

The Second Anniversary of the Rescue of the man Jerry, from the hands of Kidnappers, at Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851, will be duly celebrated in this city, on Saturday, the first day of October next.

The invitation is to all lovers of justice and kindness throughout the land. That Rescue was the most signal and emphatic vindication of the absolute supremacy of law that has ever occurred in America. Its beneficent influence, in awakening kind and genial sympathy in man for his fellow-man, enduring wrong unutterable, is beyond human computation. It is a bright star of hope to the oppressed in all the nations of the earth. It is the key-note to the Song of Universal Freedom. It is an exemplification—worthy of imitation on every spot on this broad earth—of the glorious American doctrine, that "*Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God.*"

| | |
|---|---|
| W. L. Crandal, | J. W. Loguen, |
| Thomas W. White, | James Fuller, |
| Joseph Savage, | Eliza Filkins, |
| Lydia Savage, | *Committee.* |

Syracuse, August 15, 1853.

WORCESTER COUNTY (SOUTH DIVISION) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A Quarterly Meeting of this Society will be held in MILFORD (Massachusetts) on Sunday, September 11, commencing at 10½ o'clock A. M., and continuing through the afternoon and evening.

William Lloyd Garrison, Andrew T. Foss, and other speakers will be present.

EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, *President.*

Emily Loveland, *Secretary.*

## The Man of a Thousand Years.

# ISAAC T. HOPPER.

## A True Life.

*BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.*

This thrilling work is the biography of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. His deeds of philanthropy and mercy, covering a period of nearly four-score years, endeared him not only to the thousands who were the immediate participants of his beneficence, but to all who knew him.

His was a charity the most expansive. It was not confined to the *popular* channels of the day, but exerted itself among the most degraded and abandoned, regardless of colour or condition. In the cities of Philadelphia and New York, where his active life was mostly spent, thousands upon thousands can bear testimony to his nobleness of soul, and his entire devotion to the interests of suffering humanity.

With truth he may be called the HOWARD OF AMERICA. Mrs. Child having spent several years in his family, and being perfectly familiar with his history, of all others, was the person to write "A TRUE LIFE" of the noble man, and her task has been performed in her best manner.

"A True Life" *indeed* was the life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, and Mrs. Child has presented it truly. Scarcely a citizen of Philadelphia or New York but was familiar with his form and features, as he was seen from day to day tripping through the great thoroughfares and threading the narrow lanes and by-ways, searching out the wayward and the wandering, that he might rescue them from crime and degradation, and administer comfort and solace and heavenly charities to the distressed and suffering. The poor, hunted, fugitive slave found in him a friend ever ready and never weary.

We intend to publish this work early in August. It will make an elegant 12mo. of about 500 pages, with a full length portrait and a medallion likeness, on steel, of Mr. Hopper. Retail price, $1.25, bound in cloth.

At the time of the death of the venerable and excellent man, numerous notices appeared in papers of all parties and sects. We make a few extracts:

*From the N. Y. Sunday Times.*

Most of our readers will call to mind, in connection with the name of Isaac T. Hopper, the compact, well-knit figure of a Quaker gentleman, apparently about sixty years of age, dressed in drab or brown clothes of the plainest cut, and bearing on his handsome, manly face the impress of that benevolence with which his whole heart was filled.

He was twenty years older than he seemed. The fountain of benevolence within freshened his old age with its continuous flow. The step of the octogenarian was elastic as that of a boy; his form erect as the mountain pine.

His whole *physiqeu* was a splendid sample of nature's handiwork. We see him now with our "mind's eye;" but with the eye of flesh we shall see him no more. Void of intentional offence to God or man, his spirit has joined its happy kindred in a world where there is neither sorrow nor perplexity.

*From the New York Observer.*

The venerable Isaac T. Hopper, whose placid, benevolent face has so long irradiated almost every public meeting for doing good, and whose name, influence and labours have been devoted with an apostolic simplicity and constancy to humanity, died on Friday last, at an advanced age. He was a Quaker of that early sort illustrated by such philanthropists as Anthony Benezet, Thomas Clarkson, Mrs. Fry, and the like.

He was a most self-denying, patient, loving friend of the poor, and the suffering of every kind; and his life was an unbroken history of beneficence. Thousands of hearts will feel a touch of grief at the news of his death; for few men have so large a wealth in the blessings of the poor, and the grateful remembrance of kindness and benevolence, as he.

*From the N. Y. Tribune.*

Isaac T. Hopper was a man of remarkable endowments, both of head and heart. His clear discrimination, his unconquerable will, his total unconsciousness of fear, his extraordinary tact in circumventing plans he wished to frustrate, would have made him illustrious as the general of an army; and these qualities might have become faults if they had not been balanced by an unusual degree of conscientiousness and benevolence. He battled courageously, not from ambition, but from an inborn love of truth. He circumvented as adroitly as the most practised politician; but it was always to defeat the plans of those who oppressed God's poor—never to advance his own self-interest.

Farewell, thou brave and kind old Friend! The prayers of ransomed ones ascended to Heaven for thee, and a glorious company have welcomed thee to the Eternal City.

On a plain block of granite, at Greenwood Cemetery, is inscribed:

ISAAC T. HOPPER,

BORN DECEMBER 3D, 1771,

ENDED HIS PILGRIMAGE MAY 7TH, 1852.

"Thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy seal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind."

We shall publish 5,000 copies for the first edition. Early orders from the trade are solicited. It is a book which will have an immense sale, scarcely inferior to the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, for in thrilling interest it is not behind that world-renowned tale.

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Boston, July, 1853. jy 30

## JUVENILE ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE.

WE propose to publish, should the enterprise meet with sufficient encouragement, a series of books for Children, to be comprised in twelve books, each independent of the other, on subjects connected with the Anti-Slavery discussion. Let us instil into the youthful mind correct sentiments on this great question, and we shall soon have a generation of men and women who will do their duty. These works will be elegantly printed and illustrated, and made attractive for children. To be sold at 12½ cents each.

We publish this day the first of the series, entitled

*PICTURES AND STORIES*
FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
*With ten Engravings.*

The other numbers will follow at intervals of about eight weeks. The second in the series will be

*THE EDINBURGH DOLL,*
AND OTHER TALES.
*Beautifully Illustrated.*

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Bookstore of the Publishers, JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Boston.
Jewett, Proctor & Worthington, Cleveland, Ohio.
And by the principal Booksellers, and at the Anti-Slavery Depositories. 4w 5a

## Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

FOR SALE at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau street. Price $1,25.

# Miscellaneous Department.

## CHRISTOBELL: A GOTHIC TALE.

"It is somewhat curious," remarks a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "that previous to the publication of Christobell, there appeared a conclusion to that splendid fragment. It was entitled "Christobell, a Gothic Tale," and was published in the *European Magazine* for April, 1815. It is dated "March, 1815," and is stated to be "written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter." As we [*Literary World*] happen to have the poem at hand in a set of the old—and for a compliment to a forgotten journal, let us say, valuable—*European Magazine*, we forthwith place it at the reader's disposal:

Whence comes the wavering light which falls
On Langdale's lonely Chapel-walls?
The noble mother of Christobell
Lies in that lone and drear Chapelle;
And every dawn, the sun has shone,
A tear and a flower are on that stone:
But the tear is dry, the flower is dead,
And the night-wind blows on her silent bed.

A stranger treads o'er the holy mound:
Thrice it has breathed a moaning sound!
He has lifted thrice his mighty wand;
He has touched the stone with his red right hand;
The light which round the chapel streams,
Bright on his beard of silver gleams;
But shines not on his muffled brow,
Which mortal eye must never know!

The noble mother of Christobell
Is 'wakened by the mighty spell;
She seems but as if a wizard's arms
Awhile had wrapped her in his call;
As if his cold and earthy touch
Had blighted her beauteous lips too much:
But now returning beauty warms
Her lips, and her kindling cheek so well,
She looks like the lovely Christobell.

"Lady, lady! who was she,
That met thy child by the old oak-tree?
When not a breeze was heard to sigh,
And the yellow leaf waved not which hung so high?
She who told that men of blood
Lured her to the lonely wood?
She who slept by thy daughter's side,
While the grey dog moaned and the owlet cried?
Is that lady, of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's true daughter Geraldine?"

The noble mother of Christobell
Has opened her dull and hollow eye;
And spirits are thronging from cave and dell
To listen to her lips reply:
"Merlin, Merlin! I know thee well!
Though a minstrel's cloak is around thee flung,
And a holy hood on thy brow is hung!
The dead and living obey thy spell;
But not till the moon has passed away.
And the bell has tolled on her bridal day,
Thou wilt know the foe of Christobell!"

* * * * * *

The grey dog howls though the moon is bright—
Why sits the lady alone to night?
Why comes she here at her father's call,
While the noble stranger is in his hall?
That stranger of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's fair daughter, Geraldine.

But Christobell's brow is cold and damp
As she sits alone by her silver lamp;
(That lamp for a maiden's spousal meet,
Which hangs from a smiling angel's feet:)
And why is her cheek so lily white?
For, glistening in his mail of gold,
His azure scarf around him rolled,
She sees her own true knight.

"Christobell, my task is done!
Christobell, my prize is won!
The stars are smiling, the moon is bright,
The bell of our spousal shall toll to-night!"
She does not smile, she does not weep;
Her cheek is like the parting snow
When early roses bud below,
But scarce a blush of crimson keep:
Yet she has taken her lover's kiss,
And the touch of her melting hand is his.

But another eye is on her face,
Another form beside her stands;
That form, so ghostly, lean, and tall,
Is it Bracy, the Bard of Langdale Hall?
He has touched the lamp in its silver vase,
And it brighter burns than a thousand brands;
He calls on saints in their holy place,
The spousal of Christobell to grace,
Then joins the plighted lovers' hands.

"Now follow me, Christobell, with speed!
I go at thy lordly father's call
To strike the harp in his ancient hall,
But thou the mirthful dance shalt lead:
Thy own true knight shall be near thy side,
And the matin-bell shall proclaim a bride."
They follow—but whence is the taper's glare
That leads them down the lonely stair?
They look his shadowy face upon—
They look but his silver beard is gone:
His cloak is changed to an azure dye,
And a mirthful gleam is in his eye.
But Christobell's cheek is cold and pale,
For she sees not her lover's shining mail;
He seems but a stripling soft and young,
With a minstrel's harp behind him slung.

With muttered words of gramercy
The bard stalks foremost of the three:
At every soundless stride he takes,
The base of Langdale's mountain shakes—
The elf-dog starts as he passes by,
But closes again his shrinking eye;
The banner falls from the castle wall
As he strikes the porch of its blazing hall!

* * * * * *

Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side.
O bright was the glance she gave to view
When back her amaranth locks she threw!
It was like the moon's on the fountain's brim,
When the amber clouds around her skim:
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seemed of her richer lips ashamed;
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine!

"Now, welcome, welcome, Bracy the bard!
Welcome, the rights of song to guard!
Sit and waken thy warbling string,
The legend of love and beauty sing:
Well hast thou sped since noontide's hour
If thou comest from good Sir Roland's tower."
"Sir Roland greets thee, Lord Leoline!
He greets thee first for his Geraldine:
His heart thy bounty and love receives
Like dew that drops upon withered leaves;
But he asks one pledge thy faith to prove,
He asks for his son thy daughter's love;
And he sends this goblet of crysolite
To grace the feast on their bridal night."

Lord Leoline from his feast rose up
And filled to the brim the shining cup;
He waved it high with gesture bland,
Then gave it to Geraldine's lily hand,
But the crysolite changed as she touched its brim,
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim;
The lamps are quenched in their sockets of gold,
The *hour* is passed, and the *bell has tolled!*

Lord Leoline's hall again is bright
With a thousand lamps of golden light:
And roses, by fairy fingers tied,
The banners and shields of knighthood hide;
While over the roof and over the walls
A curtain of painted vapour falls:
Now pillars of jasper seem to grow
From the green bright emerald floor below
With garlands of rubies bound;
The sky is purple with meteor fires—
A thousand tongues and a thousand lyres,
Through the lone Chappelle resound.
Where is the white-haired bard who spoke
With voice so meek in his azure cloak?
The sage of eternal might is there,
A meteor wreathed in his ebon hair!
And there in his youthful beauty's pride,
The heir of Sir Roland is by his side.

Where is she with eyes so fair
Who sat and smiled by the baron's chair?
There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green;
The eyder-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies
Are shrunk to the rings of a serpent's eyes!

"Witch of the lake, I know thee now!
Thrice three hundred years are gone
Since beneath my cave,
In the western wave,
I doomed thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow.
But thou and thy envious friends in vain
Have risen to mock my power again:
The spell which in thy bosom worketh.
No holy virgin's lips can stain;
The spell that in thy false eye lurketh,
But for an hour can truth enchain:
Not even thy serpent's eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless beauty's sleep:
The Spirit of Evil could not dare
To look on heaven, for heaven is there.
Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever,
Witch of the lake, descend for ever!"

*March*, 1815.

## A TRUE EMBLEM.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES, 1632.

The painful bee, who many a bitter shower
And storm had felt, far from his hive away,
To seek the sweetest honey-bearing flower
That might be found, and was the pride of May,
Here lighting on the fairest he might spy
Is beat by drones, by wasp and butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have laboured for the hive,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a far inferior leave to thrive;
Or be perhaps, if gotten into grace,
By waspish envy beaten out of place.

## A LITERARY LADY'S MAID.

The French have, at all times, been famous for their talent for letter and memoir writing; and the idle reader is not a little indebted to their agreeable egotism for some of the most entertaining works of that nature in any language. Amongst numerous clever lady-writers, esteemed in their day—that of *Le Grand Monarque*—a favourite was Mademoiselle de Launai, whose autobiography is extremely characteristic of the manners of the time. The scenes she describes are not unlike some of those which enliven the volumes of that gossiping and self-satisfied young lady, Miss Burney; especially those which display the mode of encouragement afforded to young women of talent by the ladies of Louis the Fourteenth's Court. We read of the same selfish disregard of every person or sentiment which did not contribute to amusement and unintellectual gratification; and of the same ignorance, pride, and airs of patronage, intended to impress the *proteges* with awe for their dignity, and gratitude for their condescension. Mademoiselle de Launai writes in a lively flowing style, which has been, by French critics compared to that of Madame de Sevigny; but, pleasant as it is, it scarcely deserves so high an honour as that. Her anecdotes, however, are so amusing, that we leave off disappointed to find that, after her marriage, she gives us no more scenes; the drama terminating as most other dramas end, with the wedding.

Her father, M de Launai, was an artist; who, having been obliged for some political offence to quit France, established himself in England: the climate disagreeing with the health of his wife she returned; and her daughter was born in Paris. The mother soon became a widow. Poor and desolate, she was admitted from charity into a convent in Normandy; where, after her death, her child in due time found a continued asylum and received an excellent education.

"It happened to me," remarks Mademoiselle de Launai, "quite otherwise than what occurs in romances to the general run of heroines; who, having been brought up as shepherdesses, turn out illustrious princesses. I was treated in my early years like a person of distinction; and discovered afterwards that I was nobody, and that I possessed nothing in the world which I could call my own. My mind, however, not having in early life taken the bias that abject fortune usually gives, has ever since resisted the oppression and subjugation which has been my lot." Nothing could equal the attention, kindness and care which the little stranger received from the good abbess and nuns, under whose roof she was sheltered. As long as the two superiors, who watched over her education, lived, she was treated with all the distinction and tenderness imaginable; but at sixteen her position was altered by the death of her benefactresses.

Finding that she was now entirely destitute, she applied to two friends, the Abbé Versot and M Brunel, begging them to assist her in obtaining some situation. They sent her money, which she instantly returned; being resolved, at first setting out in her career, to accept nothing which she saw no chance of being able to repay. "I resolved," she says, "to suffer the extremity of indigence rather than derogate from the character I desired to be; persuaded that nothing degrades us but our own actions. This first proof convinced me that we yield to temptation, less in consequence of the force of necessity, than by our own weakness."

She was received temporarily in a convent at Paris, where a sister—who is only casually named, no account of her having been given before—came to see her. This sister was an attendant on the Duchesse de la Forté, and obtained for her the means of support: "My sister told me that she had mentioned to her mistress, as they were in her carriage going to Versailles, that I had been singularly well educated in a convent in the country, and had recounted to her all my extraordinary knowledge and acquirements. There was no science which she did not assert that I was acquainted with; and, being herself entirely ignorant, the terms she gave to those sciences and accomplishments were somewhat original, and would have startled a lady more instructed than the Duchess: who, not knowing a bit better than my sister, took all for granted, and jumped at once to the conclusion that I must be a prodigy. On arriving at Versailles the Duchess made me the subject of her conversation with the ladies of the Court, glad, probably, of a new object. My sister sent for me, representing that it had become my duty to thank the Duchess for all the fine things she had said of me. I had no dress in which to present myself before so great a lady; but was able to borrow one of a boarder in the convent, who consented to lend it me for a couple of hours; and, after it had been properly adjusted by my sister, I set off with her on my expedition. We arrived in time for the hour when the Duchess rose in the morning. She was delighted to see me, and declared I was charming; for she was prepared beforehand to think me so. After having asked me a few common-place questions—to which I gave as common-place replies—she exclaimed, 'Really and truly, she speaks admirably! How fortunate! She is come just in time to write a letter for me to M. Desmarest, which he must get immediately. Sit down, child,' she continued. 'You shall have some pens and paper. All you have to do is to write.'

"'But on what subject?' I asked, quite confused.

"'Oh,' she replied, 'you can turn the phrases as you like; I want him to grant me a favour, so be sure it is well expressed.'

"'But I must first know what favour it is that you desire to ask of M. Desmarest,' I ventured to remark.

"'Nonsense,' she said, 'you will soon understand. I am going to tell you.'

"I understood nothing: but finding I must make an effort, I sat down and, from the disjointed words and interrupted remarks the Duchess made while she went on with her toilet, I contrived to make out pretty well what she wished to ask for. But as I had not the least idea how to address persons of consequence, and saw plainly that she would confound a fault of ignorance with one of stupidity, I was, in fact, in the utmost perplexity. I went on at hazard, and at last gave her my composition, trembling for its success.

"'Well, to be sure!' cried she; 'how strange that you should have so exactly caught my ideas; it is perfectly admirable, and I could not have expressed it better. Henrietta, your sister is amazing! Now, since she does it so well, she must write me another letter for my man of business while I finish dressing.'

"There was no occasion to ask her the subject this time; for she poured forth such a torrent of words that I found it impossible to follow her, and was even more embarrassed than on my first trial. She named her steward and her two lawyers frequently; but as both these gentlemen were equally unknown to me, I mistook their respective names. When the Duchess read the letter she expressed herself perfectly satisfied with my manner of explaining the business: 'But,' she exclaimed, 'I am amazed how a person so clever as you are should make such a jumble as you have made of these two names.'

"She had evidently discovered the extent of my capacity; but, nevertheless, she did not withdraw her countenance from me. She was going to Versailles; I followed her to her carriage, and she had already got in as well as my sister who accompanied her, the door was about to be shut and I began to breathe, when, all of a sudden, she exclaimed to my sister: 'After all, I am thinking that I had better take her with me. Come in, come in, child,' she continued, 'I shall show you to Madame de Ventadour.'

"I was petrified at this proposal; and above all, my heart sunk within me when I recollected the dress I had on; borrowed for a couple of hours; but in which I seemed destined to make the tour of the globe.

"There was nothing now left for me but to obey, and I had not then begun to oppose my will to that of others. With spirits oppressed, and a beating heart, I took my seat in the carriage, and we drove off. On the road she asked me numerous questions, without waiting for replies, and at last she said: 'No doubt, since you know so many things, you know how to draw horoscopes; there is nothing in the world I like so much!'

"I was obliged to confess that I was entirely ignorant of that science. She appeared astonished.

"'What was the use,' she remarked, 'of learning so much that is useless, and how came you to neglect this?' She then fell into a rapid eulogy of the sciences of astrology, chiromancy, and geomancy; told me all the predictions that had been made to her; assured me of their fulfilment, poured forth much of the experience of others on the same subject, and ended by relating to me the dream she had had the night before.

"At length the journey was over. I was presented to the Duchesse de Ventadour, who received me kindly, and spoke of my mother, who had been her daughter's governess. The next day I was taken to Madame de Noailles; and, no sooner had I entered the room, than my conductress called out, 'I have brought you the person I told you so much about, who is so wonderfully clever, and knows such a number of things. Come, child, speak. You will hear how she talks.'

"I hesitated, and she began prompting me, 'Come, come, talk a little about religion, first,' said she, 'and after that go on about something else.'

"This absurd scene was acted over and over again at all the different houses to which she took me, and I was carried about like a monkey who does tricks at a fair!"

All this praise and patronage only led to Mademoiselle de Launai's promotion to be waiting-woman of the Duchesse de Maine: and, as she had not, she declares, the slightest idea of the functions of such an attendant, the Duchess was ill enough served. She sewed her work upside down, and overturned the powder and rouge in handing it to her mistress. On one occasion having caught up a powder-box by the top, of course it fell; but the Duchess merely remarked gently, that she ought always to take everything up by the bottom. The next thing she had to hand was a purse; and, following the direction given, she turned it upside down, sending all the louis d'ors flying about the room. Perhaps Mademoiselle's pride exaggerated her own clumsiness, to show her unfitness for a menial office. The mistake of inferring that to perform humble offices ill is proof of ability to do greater things well, has often been made. It was once accidentally mentioned in the presence of a celebrated French statesman that his own mother had been a cook. "That is true," he replied; "my mother was a cook; but I pledge you my honour that she was almost the worst cook in France."

A chance letter, which Mademoiselle de Launai wrote to M. de Fontenelle, in support of a pretended prodigy in which he did not believe (something akin to, but not nearly so absurd as the spirit-rappings of the present enlightened day), drew the writer for a time from the obscurity into which her servitude placed her. The letter was read, admired, and talked of throughout Paris, and the Duchesse de Maine felt proud of her *femme de chambre;* without, however, changing her position in any way for the better. At length came all the troubles of the illegitimate children of the king at his death. She was in the thick of the plots, counterplots, struggles, and defeats; in which the talents of the neglected dependant were made so useful as to involve her in the dangers of her mistress, and in the end to send her prisoner to the Bastille.

It was in that sombre retreat that the most romantic, and perhaps the happiest portion of Mademoiselle de Launai's life was passed. A Chevalier de Mesnil, implicated in the offence of the Duchess's husband the Duke de Maine, had been sent to the Bastille at the same time as the too accomplished chamber woman. He was placed in a cell close to her own, and the happy idea entered both their minds to form an attachment, although they had never met nor seen each other. It was enough that their prisons joined. They could converse, they could hear, and they could write; for the lieutenant of the prison was indulgent, and took charge of their letters.

This romantic intercourse went on for some time; during which the lovers agreed that they were happier in confinement than at liberty, and neither desired to be set free, dreading to lose the other's society. This ideal pleasure, was, however, put a stop to by the release of both. The denouement was of the old sort: Mademoiselle de Launai was faithful to her vows, but her lover forgot his.

M. Dacier—the widower of that learned and excellent classical writer, Madame Dacier, whose fame has survived her—became enamoured and proposed to Mademoiselle de Launai; but the Duchesse de Maine, selfish to the last, refused her consent and opposed the marriage with all her power. Indignant, disgusted, and wearied with her uncongenial occupation, the young lady then resolved to enter a convent. This was equally opposed; but, after much annoyance, inconvenience, and vain resistance the ill-requited attendant at length consented to a proper alliance which suited her mistress; and became the wife of Captain de Staal, an officer of the guards, and afterwards Maréchel de Camp. From this time Madame de Staal became a lady of honour to the duchess, ate at her table, and had a carriage at her disposal.

She thus speaks of her husband: "I was satisfied with his manners, for he possessed a certain natural refinement which belongs to a good heart and benevolent mind. He had no evil propensities, and took the straight road to virtue, without an idea of swerving from what he felt to be right. He was unalterably calm; his temper was perfectly even, his views clear because unclouded by passion, with more judgment than variety in his thoughts. He had but little conversation, yet his remarks were always sensible. Although he was quite incapable of exciting enthusiasm, it was equally impossible for him to create disgust. I married him, and discovered that he held a rank by nature to which study rarely attains."

Although it does not appear that Madame de Staal was particularly gifted with beauty yet it seems that her admirers were numerous and passionate, and many poems were written in her honour, which to an English reader appear the perfection of insipidity and false taste. Hyperbolic inanities in praise of beauty which did not exist, and of virtue and wisdom often entirely imagined, were the fashion of her time, and a fashion which lasted only too long in spite of Molière's wit. After her marriage she became very celebrated by her dramatic pieces and her verses; but her memoirs are far more entertaining and attractive than any other of her remains.

Madame de Staal died in seventeen hundred and fifty.—*Household Words.*

## ANTÆUS AND THE PYGMIES.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[From the Tanglewood Papers: given in advance of publication in the Evening Post.]

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born giant, named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called Pygmies. This giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safer to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace attained to the stupendous magnitude of Periwinkle's baby-house, and stood in the centre of a spacious square which could hardly have been covered by our hearth-rug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderfully sublime and magnificent edifice. All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like bird's nest, out of straw, feathers, eggs-shells and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them, they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of Sweet Fern's flower-beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people, as the pines, and the oaks, and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me, when we walk, in our own tracts of woodland. At harvest-time they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a wood-cutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache.

And O, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove and played at hide-and-seek in its thumb and fingers You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a giant for their neighbour and brother, who was bigger, if possible, that they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine-tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking-stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be stirring along by themselves. But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the giant Antæus presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart-wheel, and placed right in the centre of his forehead), giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus, and fifty times a day, one or another of them would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?" And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the giant would make answer, "Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar, that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten millions of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to everybody else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude, and when he took it up again there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But, being the son of Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And, on their parts, the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their windmills, the giant would set all the sails a-going, with the mere natural respiration of his lungs. When the sun was too hot, he often set himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom, from one frontier to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pigmies to manage their own affairs—which, after all, is about the best thing that great people can do for little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antæus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antæus. The giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about in the Pygmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his greatest of grandfather's days, when the giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure (as was recorded on an obelisk three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe), Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame; so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the giant to be careful for ever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about like pismires at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the giant. For, unless they had been his neighbours and well-wishers, and, as we may say, his play-fellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world. No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had ever talked to him, in thunder-like accents, face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and, instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive, and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old giant that ever washed his face in a wet-cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air toward the giant.

"Poor creature!" they said to one another, "he has a very dull time of it, all by himself and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and, for that reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been giants too."

On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridges of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they, that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up, and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke (as indeed it was meant), when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as though he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first around the circle of one great eye. It was another favourite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose, and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. Antæus took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment and gambols until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then would he roar out such a tremendous volume of immeasurable laughter, that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would certainly have deafened them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" quoth the giant, shaking his mountainous sides, "What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the jokes sake."

The Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the Cranes, and had always been so, ever since the long-lived giant could remember. From time to time very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men would gain the victory, and sometimes the Cranes. According to some historians, the Pygmies used to go to the battle, mounted on the backs of goats and rams; but such animals as these must have been far too big for Pygmies to ride upon; so that, I suppose, they rode on squirrel-back, or rabbit-back, or rat-back, or perhaps, got upon hedge-hogs whose prickly quills would be very terrible to the enemy. However this might be, and whatever creatures the Pygmies rode upon, I do not doubt that they made a formidable appearance, armed with sword and spear, and bow and arrow, blowing their tiny trumpet, and shouting their little war cry. They never failed to exhort one another to fight bravely, and recollect that the world had its eyes upon them; although, in simple truth, the only spectator was the giant Antæus, with his one great stupid eye, in the middle of his forehead.

When the two parties joined battle the Cranes would rush forward, flapping their wings and stretching out their necks, and would, perhaps, snatch up some of the Pygmies crosswise in their beaks. Whenever this happened, it was truly an awful spectacle to see those little men of might kicking and sprawling in the air, and at last disappearing down the crane's long, crooked throat, swallowed up alive. A hero, you know, must hold himself in readiness for any kind of fate; and doubtless the glory of the thing was a consolation to him, even in the crane's gizzard. If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing, and ran, with mile-long strides, to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting at the cranes, who quacked and croaked, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valour, and to the warlike skill and strategy of whomsoever happened to be captain-general; and for a tedious while afterwards, nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of wax work, with likenesses of the distinguished officers, as small as life.

In the above described warfare, if a Pigmy chanced to pick out a crane's tail feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief-ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather.

## TITLES OF BOOKS.

In Butler's *Remains* it is remarked, that "there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

Generally speaking, this is correct. But the optician who should happen to purchase a book entitled *A New Invention, or a Paire of Christall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly contain shall be discovered in one* (1644), would find, to his surprise, that it has nothing to do with his business, but relates to the civil war. So also might mistakes very readily occur with regard to Horne Tooke's celebrated *Diversions of Purley*, which a village book-club actually ordered at the time of its publication, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games.

In *Chambers's Journal* is a curious paper on the subject of book titles, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"Some titles are agreeably short and others wonderfully long. A few years since a work was issued with the laconic title of *It;* and for days previous to its publication the walls of London were placarded with the words, 'Order *It*,' 'Buy *It*,' 'Read *It*.' The old naturalist, Lovell, published a book at Oxford, in 1661, entitled *Panzoologicomineralogia*, which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais's proposed title for a book, namely, *Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes!!*"

According to Stowe's Chronicle, the title of *Doomesday Book* arose from the circumstance of the circumstance of the original having been preserved in a sacred place at Westminster cloisters, called *Domus Dei*, or House of God.

The Latin poetasters seem to have their merits called somewhat in question by the title of John Peters's curious and very scarce work, *A New Way to make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary capacity, that only knows the A, B, C, and can count nine, though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainly taught to make thousands of Hexameter and Pentameter Verses, which shall be true Latin, true Verse, and Good Sense* (1679).

In 1559 appeared a book, entitled *The Key to Unknown Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,*

"Which if you do open,
To cheapen and copen,
You will be unwilling,
For many a shilling,
To part with the profit
Which you shall have of it."

The mottoes on title pages are often very curious. The following is from a book called *Gentlemen, look about you:*

"Read this over if you're wise,
If you're not, then read it twise
If a fool, and in the gall
Of bitterness, read not at all."

Another, from Whitneys *Emblems* (1586):

"Peruse with heede, then friendly judge, and balming rash refraine;
So maist thou reade unto thy goode, and shalte requite my paine."

One Joshua Barnes wrote a poem with the design of proving the authorship of the *Iliad* traceable to King Solomon, and another French critic, Daurat, who lived in the sixteenth century, pretended, according to Scaliger, to find *all the Bible in Homer.* Du Guere wrote an eulogium on *wigs.* Erasmus amused himself by discussing *The praise of folly*, in his work entitled *Moriæ Encomium*, which, for the sake of the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More Pierrius' *Treatise on beards*—Homer's war between *The frogs and mice*, and Lucian's dissertation on *A fly*, present a curious triumvirate of classic taste; and Gray's ode on *The death of a cat*—Pope's epic verses on *A lock of hair*, and Swift's *Meditation on a broomstick*, may serve as their companions in modern times. And, as we have already seen, ingenuity itself seems to have been overtasked in the fabrication of the *titles* of books in early times, as, indeed, it is again becoming in our own; authors of the olden time used to puff their own works, by affixing "*taking titles*" to them; such as *A right merrie and wittie enterlude, verie pleasante to read*, etc. *A marvellous wittie treatise*, etc. *A delectable, pithie and righte profitable worke*, etc. Addison's *Spectator* proved so successful, that it provoked Johnson to adopt *The Idler* and *Rambler*. A very amusing blunder was committed by a certain French critic, who, notwithstanding the conventional use of the term, rendered it *Le Chevalier Errant*, and who, afterwards, on meeting with the "Colossus of English literature," addressed him with the astounding and *complimentary* epithet of Mr. *Vagabond!*

A pamphlet, published in 1703, had the following strange title: *The Deformitie* of St. Cured, a sermon preached at St. Michael's *Crooked* Lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*, Sold by Mathew Denton, at the *Crooked* Billet near *Cripplegate*, and by all booksellers. The words of the text are, "Every *crooked* path shall "be made straight." The Prince, before whom it was delivered, was *deformed* in person!

Many adopted allegorical titles. In theological works these were most frequently—such as "The Heart of Aaron." "The Bones of Joseph," "The Garden of Nuts," and a host of others, even less allowable, might be adduced: as, "*A fan to drive away flies*," a treatise on purgatory; *The shop of the spiritual apothecary, Matches lighted by divine fire, The gun of penitence*, etc. One of famous Puritan memory, Sir Humphrey Lind, published a book, which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled, *A paire of spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind;*—the doughty knight retorted by, *A case for Sir Humphrey Lind's spectacles.* Gascoigne's title page is no less quaint than copious: "A hundred sundrie flowres bounde up in one small poesie: gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitfull orchardes in England: yielding sundrie and divers swete savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers."

It is fortunate for these laborious scribes that they lived in times when they found readers courageous enough to venture beyond their titles.—*Salad for the Solitary.*

## BONAPARTE'S AMUSEMENTS IN CAPTIVITY.

On the 10th (Jan. 1820), the orderly officer reported: "I saw General Bonaparte this morning; he was amusing himself in one of his favourite gardens; his morning dress at present consists of a white gown and straw hat, with a long broad brim; in the afternoon he appears out in a cocked hat, green coat, and white breeches and stockings; he walks a good deal most afternoons in Longwood garden, accompanied by either Count Montholon or Bertrand, and often pays a visit to the Bertrands in the evenings. 12th. This day the one-eyed cooper came up from James Town with a large tub (twelve feet wide) for General Bonaparte's favourite garden, to serve as a reservoir. The cooper told me that the general was very much pleased with the tub, and gave him a glass of wine in consequence with his own hand. The old cooper seemed highly delighted. 18th. I saw General Bonaparte in his little garden this morning. Counts Bertrand and Montholon busily employed measuring out more ground for the extention of the garden for the general. The general was out a good deal to-day. The day uncommonly fine." On the 19th Bonaparte was employed "superintending the building of a sod-wall; he had Count Montholon and all his valets hard at work. The young Bertrands carrying water to wet the sods as they were laid. The general's appearance was rather grotesque this morning; however, he appeared highly amused." But the *menus plaisirs* of the ex-emperor were not always quite so harmless. On the evening of the 20th a goat and two kids, belonging to the Countess Bertrand, happened to stray into his garden and make free with his flowers, on which he took his fowling piece and shot one of the animals on the spot. The Countess, fearing that a like catastrophe might happen to her other pets, gave them away to Mrs. Kingsmill, the wife of an officer of the 66th Regiment; and this, no doubt, saved their lives, for Napoleon was determined to guard his domain, against all intruders. A few days afterwards he shot three hens, and next day a kid belonging to his groom, which he caught trespassing. This kind of sport seemed to afford him amusement, and he sent one of his servants to Sandy Bay to buy some young goats for him to shoot. Another favourite occupation of Napoleon was one more in unision with his former habits. He wrote or dictated a quantity of papers on the subject of defensive operations by field works, and the depth of formations of troops The French formed their line three deep, but, as the rear rank could not fire over the two other in its front, he preferred the English method of forming two deep only, so long as effect could not be given to the fire of the third rank. Count Bertrand mentioned, shortly after his death, that this question had occupied his mind with a particular degree of earnestness, and that he would get up as often as seven times in the middle of the night to write notes upon it. He frequently sent "billets" to Bertrand on the subject, even at night. He used to trace out all his plans and field-works on the ground of his little garden, with his officers and attendants around him to whom he pointed out his ideas. He described the mode in which he would give effect to the fire of a line drawn up in ranks even ten deep, by placing the rows of men on inclined positions, or drawing them up with the men of lowest stature in the front rank and the tallest in the rear. With these ranks, eight or ten deep, he thought himself perfectly unassailable, and he would hear of no objection to his plan. He proposed that in those places where the ground did not offer a slope the men should be made to dig away some of the earth where they were to stand, so as to form steps, which would give sufficient elevation to the rear ranks to enable them to fire over those in front, and this, he said, he would have done in a minute. When Bertrand asked for another minute, he replied, "No: in war half a minute is too much to lose; you would have the cavalry upon you, and be cut in pieces." To prove the practicability of such depths of formation, he sometimes called out, "Come here, Noverraz, you are the tallest: place yourself there, and you others come here." Having arranged them according to size on a declivity, he stood behind, saying, "I, who am the smallest, will be in the last rank." "He then," said Bertrand, "levelled a stick and took aim over our heads, exclaiming, in triumph, "Eh, bein! don't you see that I fired over the head of Noverraz?" On the 16th March, as he was walking in one of the gardens with Montholon, he discovered two bullocks belonging to the adjoining farm in the outer garden, and immediately ordered his two fowling-pieces to be brought out loaded with ball, both of which he fired, and killed one of the oxen, the ball passing through its neck. Count Montholon told the orderly officer that the emperor was determined to adopt the same plan if he again saw cattle in the garden. Captain Lutyens replied that it was very dangerous to fire with ball there, and that Bonaparte might have killed one of the sentries; upon which the count said that the emperor took the precaution of going round and firing towards the house. On the 18th of March, 1821, Sir Hudson Lowe wrote to Lord Bathurst, and said: "I yesterday heard of an extraordinary way in which General Bonaparte has of late contrived to take riding exercise within doors, mounted on a species of hobby. It appears that in his billiard-room, which has remained closed for some time to all English persons, there is a beam fixed in such a way as to admit of another being suspended in balance across it, at one extremity of which a weight is placed equal to that of General Bonaparte's person, and at the other end a saddle. This saddle General Bonaparte mounts, and raises himself up and down, by the movement of his feet in touching the ground, at his pleasure.—*History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, by the late Sir Hudson Lowe.*

## THE SUPERSTITION OF SAILORS.

"All sailors, it is notorious, are superstitious; partly; I suppose, from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves, empty of all human life; for mighty solitudes are generally fear-haunted and fear-peopled; such, for instance, as the solitudes of forests, where, in the absence of human forms and ordinary human sounds, are discerned forms more dusky and vague, not referred by the eye to any known type, and sounds imperfectly intelligible. And, therefore, are all German coal burners, wood-cutters, &c., superstitious Now the sea is often peopled, amidst its ravings, with what seem innumerable human voices—such voices, or as ominous, as what were heard by Kubla Khan—'ancestral voices prophesying war;' oftentimes laughter mixes, from a distance (seeming to come also from distant times, as well as distant places), with the uproar of waters; and doubtless shapes of fear, or shapes of beauty not less awful, are at times seen upon the waves by the diseased eye of the sailor, in other cases besides the somewhat rare one of calenture. This vast solitude of the sea being taken, therefore, as one condition of the superstitious fear found so commonly among sailors, a second may be the perilous insecurity of their own lives, or (if the lives of sailors, after all, by means of large immunities from danger in other shapes are *not* so insecure as is supposed, though, by the way, it is enough for this result that to themselves they seem so) yet at all events the insecurity of the ships in which they sail. In such a case, in the case of battle, and in others where the empire of chance seems absolute, there the temptation is greatest to dally with supernatural oracles and supernatural means of consulting them. Finally, the interruption habitually of all ordinary avenues to information about the fate of their dearest relatives; the consequent agitation which must often possess those who are re-entering upon home waters; and the sudden burst, upon stepping ashore, of heart-shaking news in long accumulated arrears—these are circumstances which dispose the mind to look out for relief towards signs and omens as one way of breaking the shock by dim anticipations. Rats leaving a vessel destined to sink, although the political application of it as a name of reproach is purely modern, must be ranked amongst the oldest of omens; and perhaps the most sober-minded of men might have leave to be moved with any augury of an ancient traditional order, such as had won faith for centuries, applied to a fate so interesting as that of the ship to which he was on the point of committing himself."—*De Quincey.*

Photography on Wood.—Yesterday Mr. R. Langton, of Cross street, brought to our office some very successful and beautiful specimens of photography, taken by himself, not on metal plates, or on paper, or on glass, but on blocks of boxwood, such as are ordinarily used in his own art for wood engravings. One was a striking portrait of himself; another was a view of the beautiful little church at Worsly, erected a few years ago by the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. The latter was comprised within the ordinary dimensions of a circle three-and-a half inches in diameter; and, as the image of the church is thus reversed, the design, in all its elegant proportions, and reduced to a minature, such as no hand of human artist can ever hope to rival, in its exquisite delicacy of light and shade, and its elaborate minuteness and detail—this photograph, so taken on a block of boxwood, is quite ready for the application of the wood engraver's burin. It is impossible to say how greatly this will advance the process of wood engraving, especially by saving all the preliminary labour of the draughtsman; which, in many cases, constitutes the chief element in both the time and the cost attendant on the production of wood engravings of a high class.

Even in many of the lower branches of the art, the new application of sun-drawing will be an invaluable auxiliary. For instance, it is an extremely difficult matter to get accurate drawings of machinery in perspective; mechanical draughtsmen only represent it in plane, and artists are generally found extremely reluctant to employ a large amount of time so unprofitably, as the drawing of a complicated machine in perspective demands. Mr. Langton's daguerreotype can now, in a few seconds, accomplish what it would require hours for the artist to effect; and, in point of accuracy, the instrument must have the preference. But great as will eventually be the boon which this new application of photography will confer on the practical art of wood engraving, it may be made more extensively valuable as a cheap form of producing pictorial objects. By Mr. Langton's process, portraits, landscapes, &c., could be produced on any smooth piece of wood, duly prepared; and thus even wooden snuff-boxes, hand screens, &c., may be decorated with portraits, or scenes from nature, or copies of works of art, at a cost much less than daguerretotypes on metal plates. Indeed, it is difficult to say where the application and uses of this new process may not extend. Mr. Langton does not limit his invention to its use in wood engraving, but claims for it an equally useful and valuable application in other directions, in connection with practical art.—*Manchester (Eng) Guardian.*

Christianity.—If ever Christianity, says Robert Hall, appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb; when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments.

He who has a bad wife has purgatory for a neighbour.